

Sports Illustrated

MAY 17, 1976

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Income:	
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Investment (net after investment expense)	100,924,596
Total Income	338,136,597
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Capital and Surplus	259,900,000

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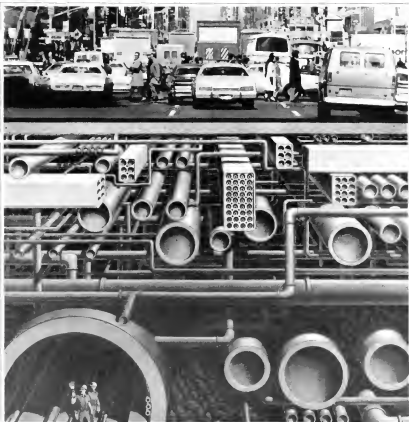
92 19th Hole

Next Week

SLEEPING SHARKS roosting in shady nooks presumably to escape the summer heat are visited by Stanley Meltzoff, who portrays in words and paintings the phenomenon he discovered.

THUNDERING 3-YEAR-OLDS, led by Honest Pleasure, will be at Pomfoco to thwart Derby winner Bold Forbes' run at the Triple Crown. William Laggett reports on the 101st Preakness Stakes.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly except on occasions when the magazine is published bi-weekly. It is published by Time Inc. Inc., 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Author and second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Payment of postage in each jurisdiction required by law.



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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Shortly after Artist Paul Davis got the assignment to provide the artwork for this week's story on the extraordinary Abernathy family (*Roughriding Rover Boys*), which begins on page 78, he experienced one of those singular moments that make the heartbeat quicken and the mind's eye blink. Browsing through old pictures of the Abernathys to familiarize himself with his subjects, Davis came to a particularly arresting

tacted more than 20 sources, including museums, state historical societies and historians. The picture that brought Davis eye-to-eye with his cousin was located in the files of the Panhandle Plains Museum in Canyon, Texas.

The story of Quanah Parker is the stuff of legend. During the days when white men were slaughtering Indians and buffalos, he took dozens of scalps and led an army of hard-riding Kiowa and Comanche warriors. After the subjugation of the Red Man, Quanah was a peace-maker between the Indian nations and the Federal Government. During several visits to Washington in the early 1900s, Quanah cultivated a friendship with Roosevelt and became an Indian equivalent of Bernard Baruch.

Descendants of Quanah Parker are more plentiful than one might imagine: he had eight wives who bore him 21 children. Toward the end of his life his white friends urged the chief to adopt the monogamous life-style that they considered "civilized." Quanah agreed, but he set this condition: "You tell my wives which ones have to go." Quanah kept his wives, and his friends kept their opinions to themselves.

This is Davis' 11th contribution to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, and his two-page painting of the Abernathy boys astride their mounts reflects his continuing fascination with horses. He had never been to a horse race before he did a pictorial essay on Saratoga racing families for *SI* in 1963, but since then he has become an avid race fan. "I don't bet much, but there's so much color at the races that I always make it a point to get out to the track no matter what city I'm in," he says.

His love of horses can hardly be considered surprising. After all, it runs in the family.

Sack Meyer



ARTIST PAUL DAVIS HAS ROYAL INDIAN BLOOD

black and white photo and something—or, more precisely, someone—caught his eye.

The picture, which can be seen on page 81, had been taken to commemorate President Theodore Roosevelt's visit to Oklahoma in 1905 to watch Jack Abernathy catch wolves barehanded. It was not T.R., but the inscrutable-looking man kneeling in the center of the photograph who grabbed Davis' attention. With long braids draped over his shoulders and a pose so regal that even Roosevelt looked like a supplicant, there was Chief Quanah Parker, last monarch of the proud Comanches—and a cousin, several times removed, of Oklahoma-born Davis.

That picture, as well as a dozen others Davis used in his research, was provided by one of *SI*'s picture editors, Carolyn Keith. Keith began tracking down old photographs as soon as she got the story, and she eventually con-

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VIEWPOINT

by RON FINRETT

**STOP PICKING ON CALIFORNIA. THERE'S
A MAN HERE WITH A CHIP ON HIS PROSE**

Spare me, oh, author, spare me your regional stereotypes. I am provoked to supplication mostly by a fulmination in *Newsweek* against my home state, California, but generally by what appears to be an alarming trend both in and out of the nation's sports pages. The *Newsweek* piece was all too representative of the genre. In it the writer, a young woman who dwelt briefly on our golden shores, paints a broad portrait of the Californian as a humorless cultist and spouter of Zen homilies whose ambitions are confined to the preservation of his year-round tan and the accumulation of weirdo pottery. Her headline writer, inspired by these revelations, simply writes off our diverse and exceedingly complicated state as "Nirvana." Good heavens!

I should be outraged by so gross a libel were it not so dreadfully familiar. The *Newsweek* author, whose own California sojourn apparently left her as ignorant of our people as she was on the day she crossed the border, has succumbed to an attitude that dates at least to the Algonquin Round Table. How can the nation's most populous state be "Nirvana"? How can a place that can manufacture in swift succession such antithetical gubernatorial personalities as Rontie Reagan and Jerry Brown be accused of mass-producing identical freaks? There are, in fact, at least five, maybe six, Californias, all wildly different in geography, climate, density of population and politics. San Francisco has as much in common with Los Angeles as, say, Boston has with Miami. And obviously there are many more Californians than Californias. Most of the ones I hang out with, for example, are pale the year round, funny, relatively hardworking and agnostic. Pottery to them is something beer is poured into. This, by the *Newsweek* lady's fraudulent criteria, would make them New Yorkers. One wonders what she makes of Manhattanites who enlist in mystical causes and attend ceramics classes.

That is just the point: the regional stereotype is invalid. Unfortunately, this fact is not only lost on certain *Newsweek* staffers but also on a distressingly large majority of the sportswriting crowd. People in my business are, regrettably, in the vanguard of this backward legion. Turn a touring sportswriter loose in the hinterlands, and he is Ali with Coopman. Nebraska, a state which spawned the quontessential urban tough, Marlon Brando, becomes in sports journalism a dusty

prairie whose pool table topography is interrupted only by erupting football stadia. Nebraskans wear letter sweaters to the opera. Indiana, home of Cole Porter, is strictly Hicksville. Minnesota? Why, it's so cold there that . . . Texas? Mention the name and you've got to make a joke. And the South? Well, shut mah mouth. Oh, the crimes that have been committed in the name of dialect. Have the practitioners of our trade lost the capacity to see and hear or is the compulsion to slip in the cheap crack so overpowering?

There are some in our business who have seemingly fashioned careers out of city knocking. These are the vampires who can scarcely wait to sink their fangs into such thoroughly masochistic metropolises as Buffalo or Cleveland or, homage to the Bicentennial aside, Philadelphia. I am prepared now to defend these communities against their jeering antagonists with all the ferocity I normally reserve for those somewhat deeper thinkers who metaphorically assail my beloved city, San Francisco, as an aging and rouged-over madam—an image that unfailingly brings on nausea.

To the regional stereotypist we are a nation of cartoon characters—the Iowa with a blade of grass between his teeth, the Kentuckian waving his mint julep, the Southern Californian resplendent in his shades, flowered shirt and short pants. How wrong-headed these visions are. There are hippies at Ohio State, hillbillies in Manhattan, sophisticates in the Corn Belt. There may even be someone in Buffalo who does not work in a factory.

There was a time, I'm sure, when these stereotypes meant something. Ring Lardner's hayseed ballplayers were real enough. Who knows, there might well have been such creatures as Damon Runyon characters. But it is growing increasingly difficult in this age of mobility and mass communication to identify a person with his place. A resident of Sioux City has almost as much access to information and culture as a Chicagoan. Most of the people I met in nearly four years of living in Manhattan were from someplace else, yet in look and manner they seemed to the island horn. A Johnny Bench may hail from a hick town in Oklahoma, but you do not see him packing a cardboard suitcase to spring training, now or ever.

We journalists are instant experts, of course. Give us a weekend in your town, and we will tell you all about it. The fact is, as even we know, you must actually live in a place to take its true measure. No one, not even the *Newsweek* person, can be faulted for expressing an opinion. There might even be something approximating a, *Lord help us*, "California experience." But if the opinion is based on a cliché, it is not merely irritating but also flat-out boring. And in journalism there is no greater sin. END

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Recently a senior editor of *Motor Trend* magazine leveled this criticism at the three most prestigious, most expensive domestic luxury sedans. "Smooth they are, handle they don't, except in the strictest interpretation of the term."

In defense of these three luxury sedans, it should be pointed out that the basis for this harsh judgment was a bit unfair.

It erroneously presupposes that the cars were designed to "handle" in the first place, which of course they weren't.

In fact, they're merely examples of a wholly separate school of thought that may best be summarized by the phrase "opulence over everything." Cars designed primarily for sitting. And in that school they excel.

At the Bavarian Motor Works, we



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they reach their pinnacle under the hood of the BMW 530i.

Its 3-liter engine—diminutive when compared to the 500 cubic inch monsters found in domestic luxury



*Always, if the light has been dimmed, it will be "off" again.
 †Note the suggested retail pricing of BMW's 1992 7 Series.
 ‡BMW also sells the 740i and 750i models, which are not shown.

sedans—has been called by the editors of *Road & Track* magazine "the most refined in-line six in the world." It is the same basic engine that powers the BMW race cars that have dominated international racing for the past decade.

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Yet no less a connoisseur of opulent motorcars than the automotive writer for Town & Country magazine was quoted after having driven a BMW as saying, "I came away with new parameters to measure other cars by."

For many serious drivers in all parts of the world, BMW has redefined the meaning of the word "luxury" to encompass more than a thin veneer of leather and chrome.

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Charcoal helps freshen air in submarines and spacecraft.

Charcoal is used to mellow the taste of the finest bourbons.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CRIAMER

COLLISION COURSE

South Africa continues to stick in the throat of international sport. Last week we noted that Tanzania might not let Filbert Bayi run in the Olympic 1,500 if his archrival John Walker of New Zealand were entered—because black Africa is angry with New Zealand for refusing to break off athletic relationships with South Africa.

Now the problem is coming to a head in tennis. Earlier this year Mexico defaulted in Davis Cup competition rather than play South Africa. Some tennis authorities declared that Mexico's action put politics ahead of sport and was unjustified. The Committee of Management of the Davis Cup voted to recommend to the General Meeting of Davis Cup Nations in July that any country defaulting a match—as Mexico did—be suspended for one year. Mexico, on its part, says that at least 10 countries, including the Soviet Union, will join Mexico in withdrawing from Davis Cup play if South Africa is not banned outright. The U.S. says it will quit if South Africa is banned and, indeed, will quit if Mexico is not punished. Great Britain says the same thing, and there are reports that France will follow suit.

If the opposing sides remain intransigent and the issue comes to a showdown, no matter which side wins, the Davis Cup loses. Tennis loses. And sport loses.

NO, THANKS

Every year, pro football's No. 1 draft choice signs a contract belittling a man who, it is hoped, will turn a franchise around. That is, every No. 1 choice has signed except the first one—Jay Berwanger of the University of Chicago in 1936.

Berwanger, also the first Heisman Trophy winner, says, "I remember meeting George Halas of the Chicago Bears in a hotel lobby. He asked me what I wanted. I said \$25,000 for two years and a no-out contract. We shook hands, said goodbye and that was it."

Now a manufacturers representative in

Hinsdale, Ill., Berwanger was a serious young man, and pro football at that time had little glitter and no solid future. "And I was interested in my future," he says, "because I was going to spend the rest of my life there."

POWER

All right, let's set the scene for you. Here we are in the quarterfinals of the Louisiana State high school baseball tournament in Baton Rouge—Jesuit High of New Orleans vs. South Terrebonne High. Bottom of the first, Kenneth Retif of Jesuit up, bases loaded, two outs, two strikes on the batter. Pitcher throws. Strike three! But the pitch gets away from the catcher and everybody starts running. The catcher scrambles after the ball, retrieves it, races back to the plate in an attempt to get the man coming in from third, fails, spins and throws to first base. The ball sails beyond the first baseman's glove, rolls all the way to the right-field fence and, before it is recovered and thrown in, everybody scores. Four runs. Give Retif a grand-slam strikeout.

MORAL FIBER

Never mind the stories about violence in hockey. The NHL security office reports that, except for a boyish tendency to pound one another's heads on the ice, hockey players do nothing sinful.

"I know of no homosexuals in the NHL," says Security Director Frank Torpey, apparently alluding to a recent disclosure by a former pro football player. "We are remarkably free of that stuff, thank God."

As for drugs, the National Football League has a convicted cocaine seller but, says Torpey's aide, Al Wiseman, "There is no evidence of any drug use in our league, and I'm talking about all drugs."

Wiseman also said no evidence of gambling has been discovered—the poor old NFL has suspended players for a year for betting—and that "I haven't seen a lush yet. From our standpoint, there are no alcoholics."

No aberrant sex, no drugs (presumably not even marijuana), no gambling, no drunks—the purity is overwhelming. Why, in the Western Canada Hockey League, President Ed Chynoweth made Coach Ernie McLean of the New Westminster Bruins post a \$5,000 personal performance bond after McLean reached over the boards and pulled a toupee off the head of a linesman. "There is no way our league can condone this," declared Chynoweth.

In such a heady moral atmosphere it is probably gilding the lily to suggest that hockey go a teensy step further and get the boys to cut down a little on the practice of jamming hockey sticks into opponents' teeth.

BIG BANG-BANG THEORY

When the jogging craze hit several years ago, it was suspect as perhaps just another fad. It has shown remarkable staying power. But for such a simple activity, it continues to stir a variety of views.

Many people jog a mile or more a day. But Dr. Paul Lessack, director of adult fitness and cardiac rehabilitation at the Rutgers Medical School in Green Brook, N.J., says, "Don't go out and jog a mile.



Jog for a minute and walk for a minute. Repeat that five or six times, three times a week. That's all you need." Short, intense exercise like this, Lessack says, is more healthful than prolonged, uninterrupted jogging.

But Dr. Don Lannin, the physician for the Minnesota Vikings, thinks people shouldn't jog at all. He favors bike riding. Why? Lannin says there's too much "bang-bang" in jogging, which is particularly damaging to the hip.

And at the University of Wisconsin, Jeff Peirce, who is completing work on his doctorate, is concerned about where

Continued

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For those of you who have been jogging along roadways for several miles every day, never thinking about downwind or upwind, but always about what good things you are doing for your health, this item is designed to ruin your day.

DARK VICTORY

"Game called on account of cleats," the announcement could have said. When Picher Bill Butler of the Tacoma Twins went to the mound last Friday night to face the Hawaii Islanders in a Pacific Coast League game in Honolulu, he was wearing metal cleats. This violated a rule that is in force at Aloha Stadium, Hawaii's new 50,000-seat showcase. "We want this AstroTurf to last 10 or 12 years," says stadium Manager Mackay Yanagisawa, who effectively stopped Butler from walking on the rug by turning off the bull park's lights.

Jack Quinn, president of the Islanders, pleaded with Yanagisawa to turn the lights back on, but Yanagisawa was adamant. Nor could Manager Cal Ermer of the Twins be persuaded to have Butler put on acceptable shoes. "Every pitcher in our organization is required to wear metal cleats, no matter what the surface is," Ermer said. "I got my orders."

The impasse continued. After 30 minutes Umpire Bill Lawson called the game, awarding it to Tacoma on a forfeit. "I have to go by the rule book," he said, "and the rule book states that the home team is responsible for playing conditions."

Maybe the defeat did it, but in any case Yanagisawa got a phone call the next day from Hawaii Governor George Ariyoshi. The governor decreed that metal cleats be allowed, at least for the time being, and Saturday night's game was played. Tacoma won that one, too.

HARD AS NAILS

Football coaches like to complain about tough schedules—see Frank Broyles' comment over there in "They Said It"—but it isn't always easy to tell if a schedule is as hard as the coach says it is, in college ball. Pro football is easier to analyze, and the figures give Bill Arnsparger of the New York Giants a prima facie

argument that his 1976 schedule is a back breaker. In a rating based on the total number of victories each team's 1976 opponents achieved last year, the Giants will have far and away the toughest slate in pro football next fall. The Giants' rivals had a total of 115 wins last year, compared to a piddling 74 for those facing the Oakland Raiders, whose schedule is the easiest in the league.

Closest to the Giants in the dreadful-to-come category are the San Diego Chargers (103 opponent victories), the Philadelphia Eagles and Chicago Bears (each at 102, although the Bears would like you to note that in mid-season they play five consecutive games against teams that made the playoffs last season), the Cincinnati Bengals (101) and the Cleveland Browns and New England Patriots (100 each). Other teams' schedules range from 96 to 80, except for the Denver Broncos who, at 75, have almost as soft a schedule as the Raiders.

POSITION IS EVERYTHING

On another aspect of scheduling, this one in baseball, Bob Holbrook of the American League says the Cleveland Indians have about the best geographic location of any of the 12 teams in that league, at least as far as travel is concerned. Clubs along the Atlantic Coast—Baltimore, Boston and New York—travel about 26,000 to 30,000 miles a year, says Holbrook, while those on the Pacific Coast—Oakland and California—rack up between 40,000 and 45,000 miles. The Indians, sometimes going east, sometimes west, have traveled as little as 19,000 miles. Since it costs about \$4.30 a mile to move a team from city to city, Cleveland's travel budget is some \$30,000 to \$40,000 less than those of the Eastern teams, as much as \$100,000 less than California's or Oakland's.

And you thought you never heard anyone say anything nice about Cleveland.

SANCTIMONIOUS

An angry flight fan, suspected of being from the anti-Washington city of Baltimore, is up in arms about some antiboxing articles in *The Washington Post* before and after the recent Ali-Young go.

"An escapee from the *Post's* editorial page," he writes, "used the sports section before the fight to scourge what he saw as the coming horror of it all. A couple of days after the fight some woman reporter climbed on the sport as if she

had seen a mouse. I hope I never go to another fight, she wailed, after protesting what she viewed as mismatches on the undercard. Granted, the undercard was no brilliant piece of matchmaking, but such is the world of four- and six-round boxing. Most of the time only the worst is seen in this area, yet the four-rounder is necessary to the sport if talent is to be discovered and developed.

"But why boxing at all? the *Post* seems to ask. Well, boxing may have no redeeming social value, but then there is none, for example, in junk food or a lot of other things within the square mileage of Washington, D.C. To come down righteously on boxing is an old, obvious and threadbare trick."

And if any of yez wants a fight, come on over to Ballmer.

STILL LIFE

In the event you live in an area where from time to time you are approached by gorillas, wildlife photographer Dieter Plage has some advice for you.

"If a gorilla charges you," counsels Plage, "you must stand absolutely still, which is admittedly very difficult—especially the first time. He will charge up to about a foot from your face, scream wildly and rear up on his legs. You must stand still, though. This is absolutely vital."

If you do not stand still?

"Well, the moment you run away, the gorilla will come and catch you, and your chances of getting out of the situation are very slim."

Next week we'll discuss what to do when embraced by a boa constrictor.

THEY SAID IT

• Bill Veeck, Chicago White Sox owner. "We're doing this whole thing backward. Attorneys should wear numbers on their backs and box scores should have entries for writs, depositions and appeals."

• Mike Shaw, publicity director of the NBA Buffalo Braves, on the termination of Coach Jack Ramsay's contract: "He's not fired. He's just not rehired."

• Frank Broyles, University of Arkansas football coach, on scheduling: "A team that is overscheduled begins to lose. Then it loses its fans, its players and then its coach."

• Gordie Howe, on the condition of the World Hockey Association: "The funny thing is, except for the teams going under, our league has never been in better shape."

END



Hurrah for the red, white and Buick.

Old Glory's colors are in great abundance these days. Well, gosh, why not? It's a big year for the good ol' U.S. of A. There's something else in great abundance these days. It's Buick's Century. Which would suggest that something interesting is happening to America's automotive set of values. Think of it. All that affection and popularity for a Buick. Well, Century has changed a lot of thinking about what Buicks are all about.

See, this Buick is smaller. Sleek. With practical considerations like High-Energy Ignition, standard radial tires, and a super little V-6 engine that has caused quite a stir all by itself.

Just how practical these considerations can be brought to light by the following. A Buick Century, equipped with standard V-6 engine and available automatic transmission, got an estimated 25 mpg in the EPA highway test and 17 mpg in the city test (for California ratings, see your Buick dealer).

Of course, these are only estimates. The mileage you get may vary according to your driving habits, the condition of your car, and its available equipment.

But in a year where bell-lightening is as prevalent as flag-waving... well, Century has proven itself to be something America needs.

But because it's a Buick, it can take care of wants as handily as it satisfies needs.

For all it's pragmatism, Century has smoothness, quietness, comfort, good looks, and plenty of little touches... the kinds of things people want, whether the car they buy is intended to help them economize or not.

Anyway, it really isn't so surprising that the mid-sized Buick Century has been such a successful automobile. People who have to cope with 1976 economics have become fairly adept at spotting a good thing.

Join the parade.


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TEXAS IS NOT

With a bland of seasoned pitchers, youthful hitters and a congenial manager, the Rangers are on top in the American League West **by RON FIMRICE**

In the visiting manager's office at Fenway Park early last Saturday evening, Frank Lucchesi of the Rangers gently pushed aside a paper plate containing the oddments of a fried chicken dinner and, nodding conspiratorially at those privy to the magnitude of his gesture, lit a cigar. To the uninformed this may have seemed the act of a man who wished to relax with a smoke after a ball game. But that is to underestimate the Rangers' manager, whose every little movement has a meaning all its own. Lucchesi was not lighting up to relax; he was lighting up to show that he was relaxed, a significant difference. With a stogie protruding from his Mediterranean countenance, he was communicating that, for the moment at least, he had it made.

On this day, he did indeed have it made. His team had just swept a doubleheader from the Red Sox, 6-5 and 12-4, for its fifth and sixth wins without a loss this season to the American League champions. The victories were the Rangers' sixth and seventh in succession, another team record. By scoring 18 runs and getting 27 hits in the two games, Texas had tied team records for most runs and hits in a doubleheader, and by rushing across nine runs in the second inning of the second game, it had tied a club record for most runs scored in an inning. Juan Beniquez, the centerfielder Lucchesi had obtained this winter in a controversial trade with the Red Sox for the popular pitcher Ferguson Jenkins, had embarrassed his old teammates and encouraged his new ones by hitting safely five times in nine at bats and by making a dazzling, game-saving catch. Toby Harrah, the shortstop other Ranger managers

had threatened to move to less demanding positions, had made spectacular stops and throws all afternoon and had hit a two-run homer. Bill Singer, the supposedly sore-armed pitcher who started the opener of the doubleheader, had thrown hard, if without luck. And Texas relievers, considered old and shopworn, had been vibrantly effective. Vindicated and triumphant, Lucchesi lit up his cigar as if he were Churchill on V-E day.

The Rangers' performance on Saturday and throughout this young season—they led the American League West by three games at week's end—demonstrated one of Lucchesi's pet theories, the so-called Pitchfork Principle. "You cannot serve water with a pitchfork," he insists. Translated into conventional sports lingo, that means, "You cannot win without the horses." It is Lucchesi's contention that the Rangers, whose roster had been regarded as less than intimidating by preseason forecasters, are not quenching their thirst with buyloft implements. Texas, he claims, has the thoroughbreds to ensure that its recent surge will not turn out to be merely an early-season fluke.

Indeed, the Rangers have a lineup of proved young batters, including 25-year-old rightfielder and former MVP Jeff Burroughs, First Baseman Mike Har Grove, 26, the 27-year-old Harrah and Designated Hitter Tom Grieve, who is 28. They have a pitching staff of seasoned—some would say overseasoned—veterans: starters Gaylord Perry, 37, and Nelson Briles and Singer, both 32, and

continued

Now secure at short, Harrah is making all the plays, double or otherwise, and hitting .358.



A LONE STAR TEAM



relievers Joe Hoerner, 39, and Steve Hargan, 33. All of them have contributed significantly to putting Texas on top in the American League's team pitching statistics with a 2.75 earned run average.

Perry is probably too mean to grow old, or as Lucchesi would have it, "He is getting better, like fine wine." Which ever, he has won three of his five decisions this season. Advancing years have not so much bothered Singer and Briles as poor health. Singer has been afflicted with so many illnesses and injuries that even so celebrated a valetudinarian as Elizabeth Taylor seems robust in comparison. During the past 10 years he has had hepatitis, a severely pulled groin muscle, a sore shoulder, a broken knuckle, a fractured finger and a ruptured lumbar disc. He had a rib removed to correct a circulation problem, a joint extracted to repair a broken finger and, just last year, bone chips and cartilage taken out of the elbow of his pitching arm. Sing-

er was 7-15 for California in 1975 with a 4.98 ERA. Traded last December to the Rangers for infielder Jim Spencer, he reported to spring training with a surgically repaired arm and pronounced himself ready to assume a place in the rotation. After five starts this year, he has a complete game and a 2-0 record. "My arm is getting stronger each time out," he says confidently.

He did not survive the fourth inning of the first game Saturday, but it was not so much bad pitching as bad fortune that undid him. The Rangers were leading 4-0 with one out in the fourth when Boston's Denny Doyle walked and Fred Lynn hit a weak bouncer through the infield for the first hit off Singer. Third Baseman Roy Howell then erred on Carlton Fisk's grounder, and Doyle scored. Jim Rice and Dwight Evans walked, and when Steve Dillard's pop-up to right fell untouched for a freak double, Lucchesi came out to yank his starter.

Briles has not been any healthier than Singer the past two seasons. Shortly before the start of spring training in 1974, he slipped during a workout in a gymnasium and tore cartilage in his knee. Surgery eventually was required, and he missed much of that season. He was coming back strong last year—he had won four of his first five decisions for Kansas City—when one day in Boston he was struck on the pitching elbow by a ball hit in batting practice by Lynn. The arm hemorrhaged and, in Briles' chilling description, "seemed to wither." He pitched very little during the remainder of the season.

He reported to the Rangers in fine shape this spring after being traded by the Royals for infielder Dave Nelson. Lucchesi immediately advised him that he would be inserted in the starting rotation. "A show of confidence up front, that was what I needed," Briles says.

Like Singer, who has had a 20-win season in each league, Briles is not a stranger to success. He won 19 games for the Cardinals in 1968 and was a World Series hero for the Pirates in 1971, shutting out the Orioles on two hits in the pivotal fifth game. Briles is also an aspiring entertainer, whose show-business career seems to rise and fall in direct proportion to his success in baseball. He got his start at the Holiday House outside Pittsburgh after the '71 Series, and took his act—some songs, a few impersonations, a little baseball patter—to Mister Kelly's, then a big-league club in Chicago. But his baseball injuries slowed him down on the stage. "I had to concentrate in the off-season on getting back in shape," he says. "I no longer had the time to put together an act." Now that he has begun this season with a 3-1 record and a 2.59 ERA, lowest among the team's starters, Briles is thinking about giving show business another try, possibly in Hollywood. "We're working on some screenplays," he says, employing the theatrical "we."

Shorestop Harrah is a mere fledgling compared with his team's wise old pitchers, but he may be the top sage on a club with a long philosophical bench. "Ballplayers are like overgrown kids," he says, pointing up the value of Lucchesi's stroking techniques. "We've played games all of our lives. We've been put above ordinary people by the fans. People write about us and give us things. It's easy to lose your perspective in this sort of life."

A former Red Sox, centerfielder Beniquez helped spend Boston with this heads-down catch.



But it's such a short part of our lives that we must try to enjoy it while we have it. That's what I'm determined to do—get the most out of it."

Harrah is a self-made player who seems to be expected to re-prove himself each season, despite increasingly fine performances at bat and in the field. Before Lucchesi succeeded Billy Martin as the Rangers' manager last July, the team's brass had toyed with moving Harrah to second or third to accommodate Roy Smalley III, an outstanding young shortstop. But Harrah is Lucchesi's type of player, an eager competitor and a willing learner. And he can hit. He batted .293 last year, hit 20 homers and drove in 93 runs. Lucchesi told him before spring training that he would be the shortstop and the cleanup hitter, and he has responded with good glove work and a .308 average. Lucchesi also told Smalley he would be the second baseman. Smalley is a special case. His father, Roy II, was a shortstop for the Cubs, and his uncle is Gene Mauch, manager of the Minnesota Twins. He was reared to play shortstop in the big leagues. But, like Harrah, he is a team player and a philosopher, even though he is only 23.

"It had always been my dream to play shortstop in the big leagues," he says. "But then I started to think about it. I was being given a chance to be an integral part of a winning team. Now that I see what kind of guys we have, I can only say that I'd rather play second base here than shortstop for any other team."

Spoken like a true Ranger. To hear most players talk, there is not a team in baseball (with the notable exception of the A's) that does not practice togetherness. Some of this is sincere; most of it has its sound foundation in a protestation of undying devotion from Zsa Zsa Gabor. The ideal of one for all and all for one is almost never realized, but the Rangers may be coming close.

"We're still a hungry team," says Harrah. "Except for the pitchers, most of us haven't been around long enough to get involved in too many other things, so we spend a lot of time together. It's not quite like the old days when the players traveled on trains, but a lot of us live in Texas all year and we hang around together. Take yesterday when we were rained out. You'd have expected the players to rush back to the hotel, but our guys stayed at the park for three hours. We were organizing relay races and having a good

time together. This game is kind of like life speeded up. You experience everything so quickly. Even friendship."

Harrah and most of the Rangers credit Lucchesi with creating a congenial atmosphere. "Peace of mind" is another of his principles, and to this end he imposes certain rules on himself:

- Always let a player know the day before a game if he is not going to play.
- Never use the word "bench," as in, "I'm benching so and so." Say "rest" instead.
- Always put yourself in the other person's shoes. Say our young third baseman, Howell, should boot one. I'll ask myself: How would it be to be Roy Howell right now?
- Always make the extra men feel like they're part of the team.
- Never allow a player to leave your office mad.
- Always keep your door open.

When strictly observed, Lucchesi's open-door policy can create inconveniences. Some years ago when he was a minor league manager in Salt Lake City, he found himself being awakened at 2:30 a.m. by rapping on his hotel room door. The caller identified himself as one of the team's outfielders.

"Do you realize what time it is?" Lucchesi inquired.

"Sure, but you said your door was always open."

"Yes, I know, but . . ."

"Well, I'm 0 for 19."

"O.K., c'mon in."

Lucchesi arrived at his managerial philosophy after a long course in hard knocks. Prompted by the advice of Yankee scout Joe Devine, who told him the only way a player of his size (5'8") and ability could reach Yankee Stadium would be by postcard, Lucchesi started managing at age 23. He calculated that with such an early start he would be managing a team in the big leagues when he was still a young man. He did not make it to the majors until 19 years later, when the Phillies hired him.

He says the Phillies told him that he could be the new Walter Alston, signing one-year contracts into eternity. He lasted 2½ years. In 1975 he joined Martin's staff in Texas. Like most of Martin's other coaches on the Rangers, Lucchesi is a native of the San Francisco Bay Area. He was raised in the North Beach district and graduated from Galileo High School, which spawned the likes of bas-



For the moment, Lucchesi has peace of mind.

ketball's Hank Luisetti, the several DeMaggos and O. J. Simpson.

Late last July Martin called the coaches, all of whom were old friends, into his office to tell them that they and he had been fired. There was one exception—Lucchesi. "They like you, Frank," Martin said. They did, but not enough to offer him anything more than the interim manager's job. Lucchesi argued for a contract that would extend through this season, contending, typically, that it would give both him and the players "peace of mind." Board Chairman Brad Corbett eventually succumbed. Most people do.

After little more than a month of the season, no one can predict how far the Rangers will go with their blend of old pitchers and young hitters. But it does seem they will have some fun along the way. And if they should falter, they will not abate, since that would violate another Lucchesi precept. Last Saturday, for example, Burroughs spent much of his afternoon staggering under balls in right field, finally misplaying one fly by Boston's Bob Montgomery into a cheap triple. Asked if it was the sun or the wind that led to the mishap, Burroughs paused a minute, obviously weighing the various ways out. Then like a true Lucchesian, he said, "No. I'd say it was just bad playing." That is something the Rangers have not had much of so far.

END

IN THE ROCKET'S RED GLARE

Reggie Leach displayed the flare of Maurice Richard as he blitzed Boston for five goals in one game and blasted the Flyers off to Montreal for a Stanley Cup confrontation with the Canadiens **by J.D. REED**

"Success is not the result of spontaneous combustion. You must set yourself on fire."

So Right Wing Reggie Leach responded to Coach Fred Shero's thought-for-today on the locker-room chalkboard by playing pyromaniac and igniting for five goals as the suddenly mild-mannered Philadelphia Flyers ousted the Boston Bruins from the Stanley Cup semifinals four games to one last Thursday night with a 6-3 shootout at the Spectrum. "Five goals in one playoff game?" said Leach with stunned disbelief. "That's like the Rocket used to do."

By the Rocket, Leach meant the legendary Maurice Richard of the Canadiens, and it was hardly an idle comparison. Indeed, as Leach trained his sizzling shooting stick on Montreal goaltender Ken Dryden in the opening game of the cup finals Sunday night at the Forum, he had already shattered one of the Rocket's playoff records by scoring goals in nine straight games and had equaled the single-game record of Richard and Toronto's Darryl Sittler by scoring those five goals against Boston. For added effect, the volatile Leach, who led the NHL with 61 regular-season goals while playing alongside Center Bobby Clarke and Left Wing Bill Barber on the highest-scoring line in league history, needed only one more silly little goal to break Montreal Captain Yvan Cournoyer's record of 15 in one playoff year.

Leach cracked Cournoyer's record just 21 seconds into Game One when he rifled a 35-foot shot past Dryden. Leach's goal stunned the Canadiens, and the Flyers quickly broke Dryden again for a 2-0 lead. However, Montreal rallied and escaped with a 4-3 victory when Defenseman Guy Lapointe beat Wayne Stephenson for the decisive goal at 18:38 of the third period.

In routing the Bruins with four straight victories after they had lost the first game of the series on home ice, the Flyers forgot their usual brawling tactics and pending court battles and raised their sticks

and gloved fists only when the red light flashed behind the Boston goaltender. The Flyers had averaged 42 penalty minutes per game in their seven boxing matches with the Toronto Maple Leafs in their quarterfinal series, but they spent only 18 minutes a game in the penalty box against the Bruins. "We expected to beat the Flyers with our power play," said Boston Coach Don Cherry, "but we never got a chance to use it." Or as Flyers Defenseman Joe Watson said, "We proved that we can win games by playing pure hockey."

For the 26-year-old Leach, there was vengeance in his outburst against the

Bruins, because the Boston team had discarded him on the Oakland junk heap four years ago. "I know I was better than at least one of their right wings," Leach says, "but they never gave me a chance to play." To emphasize his point, Leach scored nine goals in the five games against Boston, beating Gilles Gilbert seven times and Gerry Cheevers twice. "He just had my number," Gilbert said.

Leach turned the series in Philadelphia's direction in Game Two at the Spectrum when he flicked a lucky backboard carom past Cheevers for the game-winning goal after 13:38 of overtime. He scored the clinching goal in Game Three



with an artful deflection past Gilbert from the corner of the crease, and he deposited a game-tying goal past Cheevers Tuesday night in Game Four. "We lost all our steam after Leach's goal," Cherry said. "The kid makes it look too damn easy."

Bernie Parent, the aching Philadelphia goaltender who sat on the bench and watched Stephenson stymie the Bruins throughout the four Flyer victories, sympathized with Cherry. "Reggie's so fast, man, it's unreal," Parent said. "It's instinct. He always picks the spot where the goaltender is most likely to miss. And he always finds holes that don't seem big enough for the puck to go through. Reggie has a natural talent."

Leach employed a variety of moves to

score his five goals in Game Five, all of which came against the beleaguered Gilbert while the teams were playing at equal strength. His first goal was a forehand blast from the off-wing faceoff circle; his second was a replay of the first, only he shot from the right faceoff circle, his third was an off-balance backhand, his fourth was a bullet wrist shot from the right side after a perfect drop pass from Clarke; and his fifth goal was a quick backhand from the left side.

"I've got confidence now," Leach said. "I guess my shot is as quick as anyone's, and I know that from 15 or 20 feet I'm deadly."

That he is. "What makes Reggie so effective," says linemate Bill Barber, who scored 50 goals himself this season, "is that he never takes a big windup, tees the puck up and slaps at it. He has a great wrist shot, with real hardness to it. It's the best in hockey." Says Parent, "He's murder on goaltenders because he gets his shot off so quickly, with such little body movement, that you can't get set for it." Adds Shero, "Leach is the first winger I've seen since the Rocket whose backhand shot is as tough for the goaltender as his forehand."

Leach, a Cree Indian, grew up in Riverton, Manitoba (pop. 797), about 65 miles north of Winnipeg. "It's the kind of town," he says, "where you walk into the tavern at nine in the morning and all the guys are sitting around, and when you come back at 11 at night they're still there in the same chairs. I'd probably be one of them if it wasn't for hockey. We were a poor family. I didn't get my first pair of real hockey skates until I was 13 years old. Some guy in town bought them for me. We had a shed out back of our house, and I shot pucks at a bucket for hours each day."

By the time he was 16, Leach had dropped out of school and joined the Flin Flon Bombers, a junior team whose star was a baby-faced local boy named Bobby Clarke. Leach enjoyed the occasional party, as he freely admits, and at least once Clarke had to bail out his young

friend. On the ice, Clarke and Leach played on the same line and, thanks mainly to Clarke's playmaking, Leach scored 87 goals for the Bombers one season. Drafted by the Bruins, Leach spent part of a season with their Oklahoma City farm club, then occupied a "padded seat on the bench" in Boston for a year before he was traded to Oakland. "With the Seals," Leach says, "one guy was the coach, the general manager and the publicity director, so you did pretty much what you wanted to do both on and off the ice."

Leach loafed through two seasons with the Seals, scoring 23 and 22 goals. Meanwhile, back in Philadelphia, Clarke was trying to convince Flyers General Manager Keith Allen that his Flin Flon friend would be a certain 40-goal scorer. At Clarke's insistence, Allen finally acquired Leach shortly after Philadelphia won its first Stanley Cup in 1974.

Shero placed Leach at right wing on a line with Clarke and Barber, but Leach started slowly, scoring only three goals in his first 20 games, and irritated Shero with his individualism. "Leach was like most hockey players," Shero says. "He did what he wanted to do. He had no idea of discipline, team play or zone play." Clarke always defended Leach. "We don't have players who can score from anywhere on the ice, like Reggie can," he says. "So what's better for us—me going into the boards and digging the puck out for Reggie, or Reggie going into the boards and digging it out for me?"

Leach remembers those days. "I was struggling," he says, "and Fred would leave books on positive thinking and books of quotations in my locker. Heck, I didn't know what half of them meant." Maybe not, but once Leach became acclimated to Shero's system he finished the schedule with 45 goals and added eight more as the Flyers won their second Stanley Cup. Even last week, though, Shero was still complaining that "Leach checks too much with his stick and doesn't use his body enough in the corners." But as Clarke said, "Yeah, but how many guys have scored 76 goals already this year?"

And after Sunday night Leach was at 77—and counting. **END**



The puck is in and out as Leach celebrates one more score against the battered Bruins.

IT WAS A LIKE-HATE RELATIONSHIP

Bjorn Borg and Guillermo Vilas are the best of friends, but when they met for the WCT championship in Dallas, they were the best of enemies. Borg won in four sets to become the best of the best by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Tennis' own counterculture all-stars resumed their traveling headband-and-friendship review deep in the heart of Texas last Sunday, and when the barrage of ground-stroke dust had cleared, the scraggly curled, blue-jeaned teen-ager from Scandinavia had done it to the scraggly curled, blue-jeaned poet from the Argentine one more time.

That the top-spin twins, Bjorn Borg and Guillermo Vilas, managed to eat meals together, hit practice balls together, hang around hotel lobbies and attend press conferences with each other and reach the deciding match of the sixth annual World Championship of Tennis Finals looking like some new country rock group was understandable enough. But that Borg then saw fit to wind up and blast his way past his friend for the fifth time in six matches in the past year and that Vilas reacted to another rear-kicking with merely a shrug was somewhat amazing. "These beatings not affect our relationship. I am never thinking I cannot win," said Vilas after losing the \$50,000 first prize, 1-6, 6-1, 7-5, 6-1.

If it seems Borg has been making the WCT finals in Dallas since he was six, it probably is because every time he does reach Big D and its blue-bunting hoopla, he slugs his way through to the championship round. Having lost in the finals to John Newcombe in 1974 and Arthur Ashe last May, Borg wasn't about to let this one slip away, not even to a boon companion. "I am pretending Guillermo is somebody else; it is another guy over the net," Borg said.

After the Teen Angel and the Mild Bull of the Pampas had fought through two sets and two service breaks in the third,

Borg employed his top-spin artillery to knock off Dibbs and Solomon en route to the finals.



it came to Vilas serving at 5-5, 15-40. Their competition is always a fascinating study in strokes and tactics; now, as the ball passed over the net 84 times, one point mirrored the entire match. The players pounded top-spin drives, sliced delicate backhands, ran down lobs, chased drop shots. It was power on power, then soft stuff countering soft stuff. Suddenly Borg rushed the net, and Vilas, momentarily stunned, sliced a forehand down the line, but wide.

Having gained the key break, Borg served out the set and quickly broke in the fourth, taking advantage of Vilas' fading forehand and a questionable line call. "One ball does not make difference," Vilas said. "Bjorn was too deep on approach, very high balls, no good angles for me."

At the end one dashing blond right-hander had simply outlast and overpowered one dashing brown-haired left-hander again, but they still were world-ranking best pals.

"What so strange about this?" Vilas said. "Cannot be friends and tennis players too?"

Before Borg and Vilas came to grips with their top-spin artillery as well as their friendship, the tournament belonged to Ashe. For about two hours. That's how long it took the spunky, 5'6" moonballer, Harold Solomon, to eliminate Arthur on opening night.

Ashe had started his brilliant run in WCT play last season and had won 61 of 69 matches during a two-year span, including five tournaments this year. He was the proud owner of two 13-pound solid-gold tennis balls as WCT's two-time point leader and he had won the fairly outrageous sum of \$218,500 in four months. Yet there were signs that the defending champion was in for trouble.

He had finished his regular WCT season in Caracas a long four weeks ago. Since then he had played in one challenge match in Hawaii and in the WCT doubles in Kansas City, so he was not tournament sharp. Friends say he did not seem the hungry, eager, new Ashe who had shown up in Dallas last year.

Indeed, against Solomon, he was the old Ashe we had all come to know and be puzzled by, the tentative, confused, erratic, even lazy Ashe. After losing the first set 7-5 by blowing two late service games in which he led 40-15, the world No. 1

seemed to recover by taking the second 6-3. Then Solomon, who was forced to win his last two tournaments (beating Newcombe, Ilie Nastase and Ken Rosewall among others) just to qualify for this moment, took control.

He hit double-fisted backhand service returns by the ton—low and skidding away. He made Ashe overanxious with long baseline rallies, and took advantage of the champion's weak drop shots to triumph in cat-and-mouse confrontations at the net. He won 20 of 23 points in one stretch as his opponent missed shots, Ashe later admitted, "a 14-year-old could make. I embarrassed myself." Solomon ran out the match by a shocking 6-1, 6-3.

In the semifinals against Borg, a man he had never beaten, Solomon didn't have it. Giving away five inches, 30 pounds and half the speed of sound on groundstrokes to the Swede, he battled him through a service-break-marred first set, losing 7-5. But he was punished in the second set 6-0—he won only five points—and in the final set 6-3.

"I'm reaching up all the time to get his top spin; he exhausts me," Solomon said. "The kid is so much stronger than I am. Just look at him. I don't think I'll be ready to beat Borg for at least two years."

By that time Borg's right arm will be shriveled like a Swedish meatball and embalmed in formaldehyde, so hard does he whack everything that approaches, so often does he compete when stray exhibition cash is on the line. A lot of people are beginning to wonder if Borg is being burned out and sabotaged by his own schedule makers. The Teen Angel is coached by Lennart Bergelin, but he is managed by Mark McCormack, whose people seem to be under the impression that a day off will turn their prince into a frog. Last year Borg played almost 10 full months, including 12 singles victories leading to the Swedish Davis Cup triumph. The week before the WCT finals his itinerary resembled a campaign schedule in the Stop Jimmy Carter movement.

Borg literally played his way halfway around the world to Dallas: Wednesday, challenge match in Copenhagen; Friday, exhibition in New Jersey; Saturday, exhibition in Chicago; Sunday, exhibition in Oklahoma City. After Dallas,

Borg was to play exhibitions in Kalamazoo, Mich. and Durham, N.C. before flying to Hawaii, Germany, France and oblivion.

"I am not like all these exhibitions," said Bergelin. "I cannot control. Bjorn have to slow down. This is too much stupid. All time I am seeing him, he look more or less half dead."

Meanwhile in the other half of the draw, Vilas, 23, was alternately pounding backhand drives and lofting tantalizing lobs in impressive destructions of Bob Lutz and Dick Stockton. The latter had upset Mexico's Raul Ramirez, but he was quickly dispatched to his suburban Dallas home in straight sets by the perplexing variety of Vilas' shots. "It was a matter of whether he screamed the ball by me or I lunged at it," said Stockton. "Vilas can hit three different directions off one motion. It got to be a guessing game."

Lutz, who won the first set 7-5 before succumbing 6-1, 6-1, 6-2 to Vilas, was more graphic about the effects of his opponent's relentless heavy ammunition. "I got cold," he says. "My ears started popping. The rubber came off my shoes. I got a cramp in my leg. My contact lens started shooting around in my eye. I was falling apart."

Of all international court eminences, perhaps the least is known about the swashbuckling Vilas. In the two years it took him to streak to the top, he went through a mystical stage, quoting Krishnamurti, the Indian philosopher, and Pablo Neruda, the Chilean poet, as well as doing some writing of his own. Entitled *J25*, it is a volume of poetry, short stories and the like. It sold out its first two printings of 20,000 copies, in Argentina.

"Poetry used to give me peace of mind on court," Vilas says. "But sometimes not. Now I am leaving poetry aside to concentrate on tennis."

Until both men reached the finals, it was not generally known how close Vilas and Borg had become. In fact they had been friends for a long time. "Our friendship go back five years to when he a star and I not even winning," says Vilas. "Sure, sometimes I hate him on court, but we are never enemies."

As last week's events in Dallas demonstrated, with stars like these, who needs enemies?

END

THE DOCTOR OPENS UP HIS MEDICINE BAG

In the first four games of the ABA championships Julius Erving had the right prescription for Denver, and the Nets prospered **by PAT PUTNAM**

Too bad, America, but you missed one of the greatest basketball shows on Earth. Or, rather, one just a few feet off the Earth. That was Julius Erving last week, launching himself from various points on courts in Denver and New York, soaring and scoring, passing, rebounding, blocking and stealing—all in the undeserved obscurity of the ABA championship finals. By Saturday night Erving and his underdog New York Nets had Denver down three games to one, which is what can happen when humans go five-on-one with a helicopter.

The games were not nationally televised, but they should have been. Dr. J's heroics merited more than just local exposure. In the first four games he scored 158 points, pulled down 51 re-

bounds, had 22 assists, blocked seven shots and had eight steals. Most of them came with the Identified Flying Object's feet well off the ground, his body twisting and turning. Even the Nuggets felt like applauding.

Denver had assigned the task of stopping Erving—or, rather, slowing him down—to Bobby Jones, the 6'9" second-year man out of North Carolina who may be the best defensive forward in basketball. But by the end of last week the most Jones could do was smile and shake his head.

"The thing about him is that you know he is going to get to the basket, you just never know how," he said. "In the first game I tried to make him go baseline, and he went right by me. After that I

tried to make him pull up in the lane. So he made his jumpers. Or he went right by me. But I really enjoy watching him because every time he does one of those moves I know it's something I may never see again."

The Doctor's best games have a certain rhythm. It is his habit to save his incredible moves until after the first quarter. "I don't like to get into the offense too quickly," he explains. "I prefer for the guards to get into it first. That way I can determine the flow and my best course of action. Then I can let the game flow toward me. By the second quarter I'm ready to start swooping. But it's important for me to go with the flow, and not force it."

True to his pattern, Dr. J idled along early in the first game in Denver. The Nets took a one-point lead into the second quarter. He scored just four points as he studied the situation.

For both clubs this was more than a championship series. Merger with the NBA might be around the corner, and so 1976 could be the last year for the ABA. Both Denver and New York want to be remembered as the league's last champion. To the Nets' disadvantage they were playing a club that had dominated them (15-7) during the last two regular seasons. Worse yet, over an 11-game stretch going back to the beginning of the 1974-75 season, the Nets had been unable to win in Denver. That can lead to a ton of soul searching.

"I had done a lot of thinking about that," Erving said. "Denver is the only team that dominated us in the regular season. What were we doing wrong? Obviously we had been playing right into their hands. Jones is a tremendous defensive player. His technique is to overplay me on the wings, near the basket, deny me the ball, and when I get it, to make me go to my left. I decided if I came out farther, I could get the ball and have more room to operate."

In the second quarter Erving, with ample room, began to operate. He scored 13 points, two of them on a swooshing two-hand switch stuff. What the blistering serve was to Pancho Gonzales, the stunning stuff is to Erving.

"Why not?" he asks. "What people call the show, well, that's the best way I can see to get the bucket. I've been doing it all my life, and I say when something works, don't change it. Some guys, like Rick Mount, practice all their lives

As he did at several critical points, Dr. J swears aside a shot—this by Bobby Jones.



on one jump shot, one they'll never miss. When they get in a tight spot, that's the shot they take. I dunk. That's my shot. I'm not going to miss. And if I do, well, nobody's going to holler."

With four seconds still to play, Erving had scored 43 points and the Nets led 118-116. It was at this point that Marvin Webster, the 7'1" Denver rookie who was out most of the season with hepatitis, slammed home an offensive rebound to tie the score and apparently send the game into overtime. The Nets called time to set up a play for Erving.

Denver Coach Larry Brown ordered Jones to play Erving tight. Denver decided against double-teaming him, afraid he would find the open man. The ball came in to Erving on the right baseline 18 feet out. With one second left, The Doctor shot, scored, and New York won the opener 120-118.

"I wanted to drive," Erving said. "I wanted to try for a dunk or at least to get some contact, draw a foul. But Bobby cut me off, and I didn't feel I had time to spin back. Also, you don't have power right away after a spin. So I shot it."

Jones said later that he had played the entire game with a huge blister on his right foot. "And when I went up to block his last shot," he said, "the blister popped. For a split second, I thought about that blister. Maybe if it hadn't popped, I would have stopped the shot."

Said Larry Brown, "Can you imagine knowing for the rest of your life you lost a championship because of a blister?"

Led by rookie sensation David Thompson, who had scored 30 points in the opening loss, the Nuggets came back to win Game 2 at home 127-121. This time Thompson scored 24. But Erving's night was even better than his first. He scored 11 of New York's last 13 points, eight of them on stuffs, and finished with 48 points, 14 rebounds and eight assists. Said Denver Scout Frank Hamblen, "Our fans will love this one. They root for us to win and for Dr. J to score 50."

"Julius is the greatest," said Thompson. "He used to be my idol. But no more. It's pretty hard to idolize a guy you're playing against. I have to keep reminding myself not to stop and watch him."

Back in New York, Erving got in deep

continued

Semi-sweatsoaked by Erving's dunk are Thompson, Ralph Simpson and (below) Williams.



'I'LL NEVER PLAY THE SAME OLD RIFF'

It was an ordinary enough day for Julius Erving. There was no great intensity in his face or in his movements as he glided through practice at Cathedral College in Douglaston, Queens, and visitors who had watched him in the first three games against Denver could be excused for wondering why he looked so—so mortal.

Outside the gym he climbed into his dirty white Avanti II and toiled down Cathedral Boulevard, smiling, waving to men raking leaves and to schoolchildren playing on cement courts, even though they didn't all recognize him. His license plate *7W-32* (the W is for Winfield) created no stir as he moved into the traffic on busy Northern Boulevard. "I don't seem to have the same problem as Clyde Frazier," said The Doctor, and he seemed perfectly content.

At the Scooby Diner he stopped for a cheeseburger on his way to closing a deal on a \$250,000 17-room house on 6½ acres in stately Upper Brookville, Long Island for himself, his wife and two children. The cheeseburger looked tiny in his size-11 hands, and he put it down when a stringy teen-age girl stood giggling in front of him.

"Are you Dr. J?"

"Yes."

"Can I have your autograph?"

"Were you at the game last night?"

"Uh-huh."

"Thanks for your support," he said, signing a packet of E-Z Wides rolling papers.

Between sips of a Coke he said, "Even if we win this championship, we really haven't proved anything except that we're champions of the ABA. We'd be the No. 1 contender waiting for a shot at the title. The NBA. That would be a great series. It would put basketball right where it's supposed to be. I'd love to play against Dave Cowens or Rick Barry, and, as players, I know they'd love to play us. But unfortunately that's out of our hands. Personally, I don't see how a merger could do anything but strengthen basketball."

Erving's commitment to the ABA is precious to the league owners and players alike. When franchises began dropping out like Democrats from the Presidential race, it was Erving, as vice-president of the ABA Players Association, who kept players from panicking and established a fund for those who had lost their jobs. And if the ABA has levers in its hope for a merger with the NBA, one of them must surely be the prospect of Dr. J (and a handful of other ABA superstars, like David Thompson) filling half-empty arenas in places like Atlanta and beefing up aemic television ratings.

"The NBA without Dr. J," wrote Dave Anderson in *The New York Times*, "is like boxing without Muhammad Ali. . . . ABA Commissioner Dave DeBusschere put it another way. "There are athletes who are known as 'the franchise,'" he said. "Well,



Turquoise Erving: lady of the mentor to be.

Julius isn't the franchise. He's the league."

"I'm not concerned with publicity for myself," Erving was saying over lunch. "I get enough. And David Thompson gets it, and so does Artis Gilmore because he's a giant. But we have guys like Ros Boone, George Gervin, James Silas and Bobby Jones, who can play on any team, and how many fans have ever heard of them? People have heard of my moves and dunks but how many have ever seen one?"

There was very little that The Doctor had not done with a basketball in this championship series. Yet he managed to find new ways to astonish people. He was shooting baskets in Denver before Game 2, when ABA publicist Jim Bakata said someone had written that high school star Darrell Griffith and Thompson were the only two humans who could execute a midair 360-degree turn and slam dunk. The Doctor considered the question, checked the distance between himself and the basket, straightened his knee braces, took three steps, flew into the air, spun 360 degrees, dunked and turned to Bakata. "Make that three," he said.

Now The Doctor attacked a French fry. "I can get a rebound and go," he said. "I'll give it off or, if I want, I'll go all the way myself. Once I get into the lane it's history. I'm like a jazzman. When it's my turn to solo, I'm not about to play the same old riff."

"The ABA is like China in the '60s. We've got the bomb, and still the NBA is ignoring us. I think people want to see Julius Erving and David Thompson."

Finishing off the burger and dabbing at the ketchup on his bearded chin, Erving was still smiling, happy at the way the Nets were going, and defining his own success in odd-sounding terms. "I'm just the utility man," he said. "I do a little of everything. All right—sometimes I do a lot of everything."

—JOHN PARANKE

THE DOCTOR *continued*

foul trouble early in the third game, and spent a lot of time on the bench. Still, when he returned for the last time with 1:50 to play, the Nets were up 109-108.

"With our main man out we proved we could hang with those guys," said Nets Coach Kevin Loughery, who has become weary of hearing that he runs a one-man operation. "When Julius is in trouble, it's a difficult position for our team to be in. The Doctor was harnessed, but we were still able to stay in the game."

With Erving in temporary exile, John Williamson, who was having an excellent series, popped in 28 points and Rich Jones added 22. "They're playing good defense," said the cocky Williamson, "but not even good D can stop me. This year the bad situation in the ABA has motivated everybody. If this is the last year, New York be champion."

Thirteen seconds after his return Erving hit with a driving double-pump jumper, which put New York ahead 111-108. Thompson promptly wiped that out with a three-point play. With 39 seconds left, the Nets called time to set up a play for—yes, The Doctor. After a quick head-fake, he drove by Jones on the right baseline and spun in a reverse left-handed layup. Nets 113-111. Before that he had blocked one shot by Jones and another by Chuck Williams. "You don't even see him," Jones said. "He comes out of nowhere."

Thompson's charging foul with 23 seconds to play cost Denver an opportunity to tie the game. But before it ended, Erving finished his own point total (31) and the score (117-111) with two foul shots and a slashing yo-yo dunk.

Brown was bitter about the call on Thompson who, he said, was in tears. "The game was stolen from us," the coach said. "You don't have to be a genius to know that. You think Thompson gets breaks? The question is, was it a foul or not a foul? Thompson goes to the basket more and faster than anybody, and he never goes to the line. Julius goes to the basket, and you know he's got a bucket, and if he falls down they're going to call a foul. For David, never."

Erving was surprised to hear that Thompson was in tears. "He's crying because he missed a shot?" Julius said incredulously. "I missed a lot of shots my rookie year, but I didn't cry. I just went in, took the rebound and then made the shot."

Two nights later Erving resumed his *continued*



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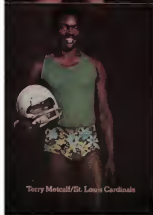
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usual first-quarter role (six points) and Denver got off to a 34-29 advantage, three times leading by 11. But The Doctor began his shake-and-fake routine, which seemed to mesmerize the Nuggets, and by halftime the Nets led 61-57. Then Erving really got going, scoring 12 in the third quarter and nine in the fourth. He wound up with 34 points (14 of them on dunks), 15 rebounds and six assists. The final score was 121-112, but the game was not that close.

Afterwards Erving allowed that it would be nice to win the championship at home in front of the Nets fans, as they had two seasons earlier—but if they could end it in the fifth game in Denver, the Nets would just as soon not wait. "We're going there and let it all hang out," he said, staring into a camera from ABC, which was filming a segment on him for *Wide World of Sports*.

He spoke easily, laughed often. The Nets were in a powerful position, and their star was enjoying it. He brushed aside a remark about the Nets being underdogs. "I've always had a quiet confidence," he said. "We never go out and say we are a better team." He laughed. "We may think it, but we never say it. And we did wonder some in the beginning. Now we know what we can do against them. Offensively, we know we can go by them. We can get layups. The stuff. In the regular season it was as though we just had to take the first jump—er we could. But no more."

As usual when people talk to Erving, his stuff shot quickly becomes the subject. A radio broadcaster wanted to know if he always felt confident about making it.

"No. Sometimes when I start a play I never know if I will be able to do what I would like. But I always go ahead and try. I guess it's sort of like daring to be great. And if it works, fine." He shrugged. "And if it doesn't, well, the team is always behind me. The coach is behind me. Next time, I just try something else."

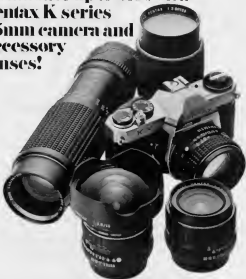
Another broadcaster asked if, when a play works as he planned it and he later watches his magic on film, doesn't that give him a great feeling?

The question brought a quick smile. "Well, there are better feelings to be had," Julius Erving said. "But I'm only human."

You'll have to pardon the Denver Nuggets if they disagree. **END**

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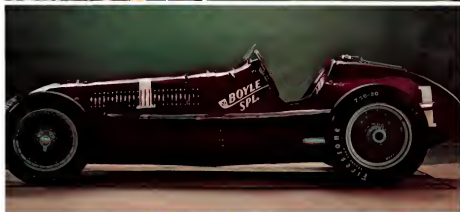
INDY'S HALL OF DINOSAURS



The smells are not museum smells. Instead of mustiness and formaldehyde, the aroma of methanol fuel, leather and lacquer pervades the interior of the new Indianapolis Speedway Museum. And the exhibits are not display cases filled with shards and scraps for your imagination to assemble into a re-creation of reality, but are the actual cars that raced on the 2.5-mile oval surrounding their present home. Here, Lane Stewart's camera focuses on seven of those meticulously restored Indy relics.

The Marmont "Wasp" (top) won the first 500 in 1911 and never raced again. In contrast, the Maserati that won in 1939-40 was last driven at Indianapolis in 1951.

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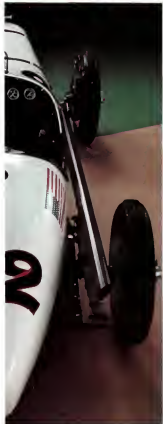




In 1901 Jimmy Murphy's Duesenberg (No. 12) was first at the French Grand Prix. The next year it won at Indy. A 1912 Fiat (top, center) furnished leather-tufted comfort.

Beautifully detailed, the Duesenberg was rescued from MGM's prop department when Murphy's riding mechanic, Ernie Olsen, discovered it while on a studio tour.





In the late 1930s this Alfa Romeo (top) was a nonwinning foreign entry. In 1964 A1 Foyt's roadster held off a new wave of European rear-engine cars one last time



RUFUS.

A DINOSAUR WHO ADAPTED

For years Parnelli Jones and Ol' Calhoun were kings of the Brickyard;
now the car is silent in the museum while the man keeps going full bore

BY SAM MUSES

Indianapolis 500 followers who go back a ways usually raise a skeptical eyebrow when they hear that erstwhile Brickyard ace Rufus Parnelli Jones has taken to wearing his hair over his ears and puka shells around his neck. Why, the Parnelli Jones who wore a crew cut and cowboy hat and dangled a Camel from the corner of a grimace when he won Indy in 1963 would have snorted and snickered and nudged his cronies in the ribs at the sight. "Now ain't that just too-ty-frooty," he would have said. And then the old Parnelli would have swaggered over and spit in the new Parnelli's eye.

Jones' old racing buddies like to remind him that back in those days he was tough. To this Jones growls, "Dammit, it's the fashion!" and his lips purse, his chin juts and blue sparks shoot from his eyes and singe the golden bangs carefully combed forward over the bald spot where the crew cut once stood. Down in Gasoline Alley they remember those sparks, and it is quite clear that inside the silky Nik-Nik shirt unbuttoned to the belly lives the Rufus the racing world revered a decade ago.

Today there are some creases around his eyes, the nose that was thrice broken has been straightened and there are 10 new pounds on the 42-year-old, 5'10" frame that in racing trim was as solid as an Offenhauser piston and now tips in at 180. The tacit "So whaddya gonna do about it?" that Jones once earned on the tip of his tongue may have mellowed into a simple "So what?" but the spirit is far from gone.

Jones is very much the family man today, which couldn't exactly be said of him when he was racing. Sort of, maybe, but not entirely. There was this woman named Grayce that everyone thought was Mrs. Jones because she said so and Mr. Jones didn't say not so. They separated in 1966, Jones officially married another lady and Grayce sued Jones for a divorce. To this Jones said, "You can't divorce me, Grayce, I never married you," and Grayce said, "You married me in Tijuana in 1959, Parnelli, don't you remember?" To which Jones replied, "Uh, no, Grayce, I can't say as I do." A Los Angeles Superior Court judge decided that an annulment was appropriate

under the circumstances, and the relationship was legally dissolved. Grayce got a settlement.

That other lady Jones married is his attractive wife Judy, who has borne him two towheaded sons, Parnell Velco (P.J. Jr.), seven, and Peter Page, three, each as fast and fearless as his father (P.J. on hockey skates, Peter in a Go-kart). The Joneses live in Rolling Hills, Calif., an exclusive peninsular community of the sort that employs a 24-hour security guard at the entrance.

Jones is now president of Parnelli Jones Enterprises, a company which, among other smaller ventures, distributes American wheels and Firestone tires and Gabriel shocks—and, more familiarly to the public, fields a USAC team around a car called the Parnelli. This year the car will be powered by an English-made Cosworth-Ford engine, a modified Formula 1 V-8, and most likely will be the only Cosworth in the 500. Chances are it also will be in the front row on race day.

Jones' metamorphosis from driver to businessman was smooth, quiet and re-

continued

atively painless. There were no false starts after he drove his last mile at Indy in 1967. Oh, he has glanced over his shoulder at driving a couple of times—most notably in 1970, when he went road racing and won five of 11 races to capture the SCCA Trans-Am championship for Ford's Mustang. And even today Jones enters off-road races with a highly modified Chevy Blazer, but he does it just for kicks—and a little cash money—which hasn't stopped him from being the fastest man between two cacti.

Jones never went back to try Indy that one more time. He retired from high-speed, high-risk, high-pressure driving when he felt it was time, which may have actually been *before* it was time. "Keep trying to race forever, and you'll end up on your nob," he said. Race drivers know that; they say it all the time. But saying it and believing it are two different things. Jones was smart enough to mean it, not simply mouth it, and disciplined enough to prove he meant it.

Such conservatism at first seems out of place from a man famous for an all-out approach to racing, an approach that made him a winner in the first place. But a man can't be a winner unless he is first a survivor, and Jones is, above all else, a survivor in a profession where survivors are scarce. When other drivers were crashing and burning, Jones was slipping through their wreckage, when other owners were giving up and going home, back to the security of their fried-chicken franchises, Jones was signing sponsors so he could field a team that was to win Indy twice (1970-71 with Al Unser driving) and the USAC championship three times (1970, Unser; 1971-72, Joe Leonard). There were setbacks, to be sure, as in 1966 when a car he campaigned called the Shrike proved to be something of a bomb for its driver-owner. But he learned, and he has changed himself enough to survive while in his soul he remains the same pugnacious Parnelli who stalked the dirt tracks throughout the '50s. He's a dinosaur of sorts, only now the dinosaur is wearing alligator shoes.

There is a fellow dinosaur in Jones' life, housed in the Speedway's new infield museum. Age hasn't withered it one whit. It's still as gorgeous as the day it was born, long and sleek and shapely, armored in pearlescent lacquer and gold leaf. A name like Agostino Willard Battery Special just isn't right for a thing of

such beauty. Watson-Offenhauser isn't much better. Even Ol' Calhoun, the sobriquet Jones gave it for no particular reason other than affection, doesn't really fit.

The affair between Jones and Ol' Calhoun was symbiotic; together they ruled the Brickyard for four years. Ol' Calhoun raced five years altogether, which is about three years longer than the competitive life of a modern Indy car. They won only in 1963. That was the controversial race in which front-engined, solid-axle Ol' Calhoun split its oil tank and laid down a slippery trail that held off Jim Clark and his slick little rear-engined Lotus-Ford. It was also the race that led to Jones' defending his and Calhoun's honor by punching the late Eddie Sachs in the nose.

Everyone knew Ol' Calhoun should have won more than once. But how do you fight things like Jones' getting smacked in the forehead with a piece of metal while leading in 1961, his rookie year (he continued, peering through goggles filling with blood that dripped over an eyebrow), or like a brake line bursting while he was leading in 1962 (he continued with no brakes, slowing Ol' Calhoun for pit stops by crashing into tires thrown in the path by his crew) or like Ol' Calhoun finally burning out—literally, in white flames—while Jones was leading in 1964, the car's final race.

Ironically, the race for which Jones is most remembered was 1967's, a year that doesn't rest easy with Ol' Calhoun. That year Parnelli led the 500 at will in the bulbous STP turbine car until a transmission bearing failed three laps before the finish. The gremlins that plagued Ol' Calhoun seemed to have transferred their affections to the turbine.

But Jones can't really complain. Kind spirits have been protecting him from gremlins for most of his life. How else could he have survived his teen-age years in Torrance, Calif.? When he got his driver's license he discovered he liked his hot rod more than his English teacher, so he quit school and earned money for fresh fenders, which he used a lot of, by buying junked cars and dismantling them for scrap metal. But before he gave a car the ax, he would have a little fun with it. Young Rufus' idea of fun was to play chicken with trees. Or to wind an old car up to a clanking 30 or 40 mph before an audience of his peers, and crank the steer-

ing wheel east, which would send it teetering along on two wheels for a while before it thunked over on its side—or top. If there had been demolition derbies in those days, Rufus would have found his calling at 16.

Instead, he waited until he was 17. It was entirely predictable that he would discover jalopy racing, which was only one small step removed from deliberately destroying junkers.

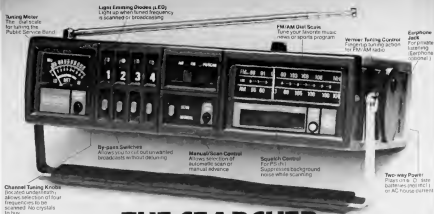
For nearly five years Jones was the hot dog of the California Jalopy Association, as well as being the all-clases champion of the infield. Often his parents, although they had been divorced when he was 15, would sit together in the stands and watch their boy take on all comers. Then, the races over, Commodore Paul Jones, at various times an orange picker and shipyard worker, and his ex-wife Dovie, a nurse, would go out to the parking lot, climb into separate cars and race each other away from the track.

Parnelli was no less combative. Once, another driver got in his way during a race—which marked the man as being either very green or very bold or very dumb. Immediately after the race Jones charged after the driver on foot. When Parnelli reached the car, the man wouldn't budge from his seat, so Jones climbed over the hood, stomped onto the roof and jumped up and down until the sky fell in on the poor guy's head. Jones was young and hard and cocky and fearless, and never gave a bloody inch. He figured you could recognize a good driver by the number of dents on his fender, and his cars usually looked as if they had been beaten by a duffel bag full of bowling balls. His temerity was revealed in his race strategy: "All it takes is guts, and I'm the bravest bastard in the whole damn world."

He became a versatile one, too. He moved up to madgers and sprint cars, stock cars (where the NASCAR drivers never really accepted him) and sports cars (where they never understood him). In 1964 Jones entered his first sports car race, the L. A. Times Grand Prix at Riverside, Calif., against the likes of Dan Gurney, Bruce McLaren and Jim Clark, world-renowned Formula 1 drivers. Jones drove a King Cobra Ford entered by Texan Carroll Shelby. He melted a clutch in practice and missed qualifying, so he started the heat race in the last row with his clutchless Cobra's rear wheels

continued

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INDY continued

elevated on a jack and the transmission engaged. When the flag dropped, Jones' foot was already on the floor. The crew joriked the jack away, and the Cobra snaked off in a wild wiggle. Parnelli ran off the circuit during the race, and still finished third. For the main event the crew installed a fresh clutch, and a bigger rearview mirror, at Jones' request. "I want to be able to see the looks on the faces of the guys behind me," he said.

He won by 35 seconds over Roger Penske, with another burned-out clutch. After the race the brake pedal was bent backward. "They make them sports cars kinda fragile, don't they," Jones said in Victory Circle.

Off the truck Jones' instinct for survival steered him away from hangers-on who could bleed him and toward men who would help his career. First there was Omar Danielson, an auto wrecker, conveniently enough. Danielson sponsored Jones through his jockey years and played guidance counselor-cow-father figure. He explained to Jones that if he wanted to be a champion, he would have to turn his back on whiskey and women, neither of which has ever been Jones' weakness anyhow, and stop hanging out with punks who carried tire irons stuffed in their boots, slightly more difficult to do. Danielson also claims he tagged him with the nickname "Parnelli" because it rhymed with Nellie, a particularly persistent female admirer.

Next there was J. C. Agajanian, a forthright Armenian and a respected USAC car owner and race promoter. Jones, despite his self-confidence when he was within arm's reach of a steering wheel, was too shy to introduce himself to Agajanian, but a formal introduction wasn't necessary: Agajanian could easily see that Parnelli had INDY MATERIAL stamped on his soul, and it was he who eventually sent Jones to Indy behind the wheel of Ot Calhoun.

Agajanian was more than Jones' car owner. One day he said, "Parnelli, you don't need all this prize money you're earning; let me invest it for you." Those are words that are usually accompanied by knocking the ash off a fat cigar with a beringed finger and a twist on the end of a mustache. And even if Agajanian has the cigar and the rings and the mustache, he is no con artist, which is not to say he is anything less than shrewd. Coming from Agajanian, the offer was safe, even

with nothing more binding than promises, and it proved very profitable to Jones.

Agajanian tried to persuade Jones to drive Ot Calhoun at Indy in 1960, its maiden year, but Jones didn't feel he was ready. The ride was given to another rookie, Lloyd Ruby, who started 12th and finished seventh. Just as Jones would decide on his own when to quit Indy, the decision when to start was his alone, and his rejection of Agajanian's offer had come as a surprise. In a practice session in 1960, Parnelli had already appeared to prove his worth—in fact, he had been flagged off the track for going too fast. Jones later became Firestone's favorite test driver, not only because walls did not intimidate him, but also because he had a rare gift that enabled him to recall a car's response to virtually every crack and ripple in a track's surface. This remarkable memory still contributes to his skill as an off-road racer. It is said he can bounce the length of Baja and remember every rock and cactus and pucker-bush and sand wash and gulley and armadillo on the road.

When Jones did tackle Indy the next year he was more than ready, and soon discovered that it was possible to actually slide a car through the turns. It was subtle and tricky to be sure; still, Jones became a master of the four-wheel drift at Indianapolis. There are many who argue that Parnelli's skill at the Brickyard is unsurpassed by anyone, including three-time winner A. J. Foyt.

That 1961 race was the first of Foyt's victories. The rivalry between Jones and Foyt—P.J. and A.J.—became the most celebrated in American motor racing. In 1965, with Ford Motor Company embarking on what would be a multimillion-dollar effort to win the 24 Hours of Le Mans and simultaneously weighing the possibility of going Formula 1 racing, Foyt and Jones were called separately to the company's corporate headquarters to talk about joining the team.

"They asked who was a better driver, me or A.J.," recalls Jones, "and I was trying to be modest, so I said, 'Well, I guess I'd have to say A.J.; he's got me in the record books.' I knew they would ask A.J. the same question, and I could picture him standing up and telling them, 'I'm the greatest.'"

As it turned out, both eventually drove for Ford, Foyt winning Le Mans in 1967

continued

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INDY *continued*

and Jones driving both Mercurys and Fords in the Trans-Am.

After Jones won Indy in 1963 he invested in a Torrance auto dealership owned by Vel Mileich, a man who has been at Jones' side even longer than Agapianian. This deal provided Jones with space to open a Firestone racing tire distributorship as well as someone to oversee it while he was off racing.

But Jones is not just a front man whose business responsibilities consist of letting his name be hyphenated with someone else's on a billboard. For example, he foresaw the fat-tire trend, and ordered all of Firestone's obsolete Indy racing tires, which the company was more than willing—downright overjoyed—to unload. The people at Firestone thought Jones was crazy until they saw the high school kids forming lines outside Jones' door to get the tires for their '55 Chevys.

Today Jones and Mileich are the controlling partners in Parnelli Jones Enterprises, which owns seven Firestone retail stores in the Los Angeles area and distributes racing tires in 11 Western states. Mileich playfully refers to Jones as the company's recreation director because Jones spends most of his time puttering around the shop. Parnelli is not out of place surrounded by cork walls and couches, but he usually fidgets his way through business conferences, playing with gadgets on the desk. It's not that he's uncomfortable, he's just bored. If Jones could have his way, he would tinker with his Blazer until it was time to make a decision, then come in the office and make it. Indecisiveness has never been one of Jones' problems, and it is business talent is for cutting through the fog and settling things. Sometimes the decision can be rough, like this year's, when no sponsor could be found to field a Formula 1 Parnelli for Mario Andretti. What had been a promising effort was cut short by Jones, and Andretti was released from his USAC commitments to the Vel's-Parnelli team as well.

Jones' approach to business is the same as his approach to racing, which is the same as his approach to life. There is nothing complicated about his style. His decisions become convictions as firm as his chin and lead to actions as solid as the wall at the Brickyard. Damn the torpedoes, damn the wall, damn the car in front of me. If we're going to do it, let's do it. Charge.

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BOWED BUT NEVER BLOODIED

In Japan, where saving face is all-important, baseball managers are not fired, no matter how many games they lose. Instead, they are sent off on ritualistic retreats

by ROBERT WHITING

The Japanese reporters who had packed the tiny conference room at Osaka Stadium one May day in 1962 glanced at their watches in anticipation. General Manager Makoto Tachibana of the Nankai Hawks had alerted newsmen that there would be an important announcement concerning the Hawks at 6:40 that evening. The Hawks, defending Pacific League champions and perennial powerhouse in Japanese baseball, occupied an unfamiliar position—last place. In the first two months of the season they had managed to lose two out of every three games.

At exactly 6:40 General Manager Tachibana strode through the press-room door. With him was Kazuo Tsuruoka, the Hawks' field manager. Nicknamed "The Boss" by his players, Tsuruoka had piloted the Hawks for more than 20 years, winning nine pennants and two Japan Series. What, the reporters wondered, might his presence mean?

The general manager bowed and began to speak in measured tones: "As of today, Manager Tsuruoka has relinquished command of the Hawks as a means of taking responsibility for the team's poor showing in recent games. Hopefully the manager's action will stimulate the Hawk players to reflect on their performance on the field."

Tachibana added that he deeply regretted Tsuruoka's decision, but he said he had no choice other than acceding to the field manager's request to be relieved of his duties. Head Coach Kasuo Kageyama had been ordered to act as manager in Tsuruoka's absence. Tachibana went on to express hope that Tsuruoka's action would breathe new life into the team.

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD RASPER



Tsuruoka would retain the title of manager for the time being, the general manager said.

Reporters sat in stunned silence while Tachibana announced that Tsuruoka would now answer questions. The tall, courtly, 46-year-old manager lit a cigarette. He spoke deliberately, without emotion: "Team performance has been poor. . . . As manager I must assume responsibility. . . . If the commander cannot lead his troops, they will die. . . . For the moment I don't want to see any baseball, I just want to rest."

A shock wave passed through the Japanese baseball world. Kageyama said earnestly that he hoped "Manager Tsuruoka's brave action will move the Hawks to fight harder."

"What made The Boss quit? Who's responsible for this?" grumbled the Hawks' leading home-run hitter. The veteran shortstop said, "It's all my fault. The Boss was like a father to me. If I hadn't been injured, he might not have left the team. We will all have to do our best so he can return."

By mid-July the Hawks were in the pennant race, riding the crest of an 11-game winning streak. Acting Manager Kageyama told the press, "Everyone knows The Boss is a more skillful manager than I am. Perhaps it is time for him to return to the team." Requests from the Hawk players and a petition signed by the team's fans added to the pressure for Tsuruoka's return, and on Aug. 9 he was reinstated. The Hawks went on to finish in second place in the Pacific League that year.

When an American major league team is mired in last place, it is often cause for the manager's head to roll. A change has to be made, and that is that. A new manager steps in, the players adjust and the old manager goes job hunting, usually taking the whole thing philosophically. After all, his job is to produce a winner.

In Japan nothing is ever quite so simple. The owner of a baseball team has to consider more than his responsibilities to the fans. He has to bow to the dictates of group dynamics and to take into account the relationships between the manager and the players. In addition, he must

think of his own obligations toward the manager and the feelings of the manager himself. A club owner will try his best to smooth things, to retain the manager, even though this may result in a losing season and a drop in attendance.

As confusing as this may sound to Americans, it does make sense in the context of Japanese baseball. American teams are run like corporations, their members united by their common ability to play and desire to win and make money. Not so in Japan, where a baseball team is more like a cohesive, extended family unit, held together by a complex web of interlocking personal obligations. The kind of intrasquad bickering that characterizes some U.S. teams is virtually unheard of.

There is also an off-field camaraderie seldom seen on U.S. teams. Most bachelors on a Japanese club live in the team dormitory. They are together nearly 24 hours a day. Even married players socialize with unmarried teammates in their free time (drinking beer and playing Mah-Jongg are favorite activities), and during the off-season it is not uncommon for a team to get together to play golf.

The club ownership sponsors social functions and group rituals to help foster solidarity and a feeling of belonging. At the start of each season, a team will visit a Shinto shrine to pray for good luck. In December, everyone connected with the team, from the owner down to the bat boy, gathers for the annual *no-koi* (year-end party).

In spite of its high level of industrialization, Japan remains a paternalistic society with values deeply rooted in Confucianism and agrarian tradition. The older, established members of a group have clearly defined responsibilities toward the younger, and vice versa. In the business world this is reflected in a lifetime employment system that gives workers maximum job security in return for allegiance to the company. Job hopping, layoffs and lengthy labor-management disputes are relatively rare.

The same tradition adheres in baseball. Trades do occur and players are released outright, but, far more than his American counterpart, the Japanese ballplayer can look forward to a lasting association

with his team—even after his playing days are ended. A retired player for the Nippon Ham Fighters, for example, might even find himself selling ham for a living. A Chunichi Dragon taking off his uniform for the last time might wind up shuffling copy at *Chunichi Sports*.

Ideally, a team functions as a happy family with the manager presiding in the role of surrogate father—a stern disciplinarian, somewhat aloof, yet never failing to show concern for the welfare of his players.

The manager sometimes gets involved in the players' private lives. For example, he may act as a go-between to arrange brides for single players. One manager traveled the breadth of Honshu—from Tokyo to the Japan Alps—just to persuade an unrelenting father that a reserve outfielder was worthy of his daughter's hand.

The manager makes laudatory speeches at players' weddings. He consoles bereaved players at the funerals of relatives. He presents gifts and good wishes to players with newborn children, along with advice on the responsibilities of fatherhood. In addition, he is always ready to admonish players who stray too far from the flock:

"Toshiro, I'd like to have a minute with you. You will be 29 years old next month, and I think it is time you settled down and got married like everyone else. A man cannot play at his best without a sense of responsibility. You need a wife, children and a home."

"Hideyuki, you have been married for a year and a half now. Don't you think it is about time you had a child—a son? A man has to carry on the family name, you know. No arguments now. You are a Japanese, aren't you? Well, act like one."

"Koichi, the batting coach tells me that you lost 150,000 yen [\$500] at the racetrack the other night. And he said you lost another 100,000 yen playing *hana-fuho* [a card game]. If the press ever finds out how much money you are losing, it will seriously damage our image. So I am ordering you to give up gambling and concentrate on baseball."

"Katsu, congratulations on your new child. I hear you are taking him to the

continued

shine tomorrow. Here is a little something from me. And let me give you some advice on how to raise him: always try to make him proud of his family name. Understand?"

"Tatsuo, I have been hearing too many stories about you. First it is this Ginza nightclub hostess. Then it is a bar girl in Shinjuku. Now you are spending all your time at the Turkish Baths in Asakusa. You smoke one and a half packs of cigarettes a day, and I think you are hitting the Suntory whiskey a little too much. I don't have any complaints about your play on the field, but I do about your 'loose' behavior. I think it's time you began to amend your ways."

Such fatherly concern is bound to result in an emotional bond between players and managers. And it is hoped that this collective responsibility will inspire success on the playing field.

When a team goes into a slide, the owner is likely to view the problem in emotional terms. He may talk to the players, reminding them of their obligations, or he may appeal to their sense of pride in being Hawks or Ham Fighters. If nothing else works, he can resort to a *kyaro*, a drastic but highly effective stratagem introduced into professional baseball by the face-conscious Japanese. *Kyaro* means a rest or recuperation. In baseball, it consists of the owner of a sagging team ordering his manager to take a rest for a month or so. The head coach is usually appointed acting manager, while the manager goes off by himself to meditate on the situation. The stated purpose of a *kyaro* is to "refresh the mood of the team," and the wise owner knows that it can be a very useful device. He realizes that if the players really respect their manager, they will feel they have let him down. His departure may be just the spark needed to ignite their flagging spirits—to shame them into playing better baseball. Their shame—and the trauma of separation from their surrogate father—will end when play improves. (One wonders whether a similar play would work in the U.S. For example, if Walter O'Malley deprived a losing Dodger team of Walter Alton, how hard would the Dodgers play to get him back?)

Besides giving a needed boost to the team, the owner realizes that a *kyaro* would probably be a good thing for the manager as well. With his team losing, the manager may need to reflect at length on his performance and on the problems

of the team. A *kyaro* affords him the opportunity to escape to the mountains, the seashore or some other quiet spot where he can better focus his mental powers. (The Japanese place great importance on self-reflection to correct wrong thinking and to rectify past errors.) On the other hand, a manager might simply want to rest and not think about baseball at all until he has gathered sufficient strength to return.

Illness, real or imagined, is often given as the reason for a *kyaro*. (Mental fatigue is the diagnosis most commonly associated with losing streaks.) Whatever the excuse, it is usually not clear how the *kyaro* is initiated. The announcement to the press almost always reads the same: "So-and-so has requested a leave of absence and permission was granted." As often as not, the request originates in the front office. Inevitably, the *kyaro* is accompanied by a flurry of statements from the owner, the front office, the coaches and the top players to the effect that the responsibility for the slump lies with everyone, not just the manager.

The *kyaro* can sometimes work miracles. In 1967 Osamu Mihara, one of Japan's most esteemed managers, was having his troubles with the Taiyo Whales.

This is an excerpt from Robert Whitten's forthcoming book, "The Claymanstown and the Bat" to be published this summer by Dodd, Mead.

Mihara "requested" and received permission to take a 12-game leave of absence. Stories appearing in the Japanese press hinted that the manager's leave might be prolonged, depending on how the team performed.

Head Coach Kaoru Betto stepped in as acting manager, and after a slow start the Whales responded by winning seven games in a row. Following the seventh win, Betto paid a visit to the club owner, Kenkichi Nakabe. Betto argued that he was only a coach, not a manager, and that the job should revert to the true manager. Nakabe agreed, and Mihara was reinstated, ending one of the shortest *kyaros* in baseball history.

Another *kyaro* that worked out well involved Michio Nishizawa, manager of the Chunichi Dragons from Nagoya. In May 1967 Nishizawa left the team because of illness to stage what must surely be one of the most remarkable recoveries in medical history. His departure

was particularly dramatic because Nishizawa had vowed to bring the team a league championship.

At the start of the season, Nishizawa had been bothered by stomach pains. When the Dragons went into a tailspin around the first of May, the pains grew more intense. Unable to conceal his condition, Nishizawa began bringing his medicine to games. Soon Pitching Coach Sadao Kondo was asked to take over.

"It's detrimental to morale to have the manager leading the team while he's rubbing his stomach," explained the general manager. Nishizawa protested to the press that he would return in a few days, but the general manager was not so sure. He cautioned that Nishizawa's recovery might take "quite some time."

Predictably, Acting Manager Kondo warmed up for his new role with a declaration of collective responsibility: "I think it's a regrettable thing we have done to our manager. The present problems of the team are the responsibility of the coaches and players. The trouble is mental more than anything else. I'm going to put forth my best effort to pull the team out of its slump and get it on the right track for the manager's return."

Kondo proceeded to lead the team to eight wins in 10 games while the ailing manager convalesced at home in front of his TV set. He returned to the Dragons in Hiroshima after a mere two weeks' absence and was greeted like Odysseus back from years of wandering. The Dragons' star leftfielder blasted a three-run homer to highlight an 8-0 shutout and then summed up the mood of the team when he told the press, "I am delighted that I could celebrate the manager's return with a home run."

In the visitors' clubhouse after the game, a beaming Nishizawa could not believe the change that had come over his team. "The batters are swinging better than before I left. . . . Even the mood on the bench is improved. . . . I have never been so happy." He added that his stomach now felt "unbelievably well."

A *kyaro* usually works out as well as Nishizawa's did only when the manager is an established name—when his age, seniority and achievements have solidified his image as a paterfamilias. The departure of such a beloved figure inevitably triggers shame in the players.

Nankai Hawks Manager Kazuto Tsuroku was far and away the most established manager in Japanese baseball. He

continued



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had led the Hawks through 23 seasons when he took his *kyūto*. Even though he declared that he would not return to the team, no one dared take him seriously. It would have meant a tremendous loss of face for everyone concerned.

Sure enough, the prospect of a shameful rupture in team relations had the desired effect. Playing his role to the hilt, Tsuruoka stubbornly held out for two months until an 11-game winning streak, a climb into contention, a plea from the players and coaches and a petition signed by fans had mellowed him enough to agree to manage once again.

Sometimes it is obvious that a *kyūto* will not accomplish anything. There have been cases in which there was no longer doubt that the manager must go if the team was to get out of last place. At this point, it is usually the manager himself who makes the first move. In the grand Japanese tradition of accepting responsibility, he will step forward and ask to take a *kyūto*. This kind of *kyūto* is different, because everyone knows that the manager will not be back. His *kyūto* is, in fact, a resignation.

Verbal camouflage like this is used for several reasons. For a manager to resign or be fired precipitously would involve a loss of face all around. It almost never happens; instead, official announcements are postponed until after the season.

Another reason is that no Japanese likes to admit failure, which is what a manager would be doing if he quit a losing team in midseason. Furthermore, the Japanese way of thinking holds that the owner who has to fire his manager is just as great a failure. He has not chosen carefully; he has not lived up to his responsibilities to the fans.

This is where a *kyūto* saves the day by letting owners and managers part company without an agonizing public admission of defeat. The manager who takes a sick leave and does not come back has not really been fired and he has not really resigned. He just isn't there anymore.

Perhaps the most unusual example of a *kyūto* was the one involving Minoru Murayama and the 1972 Hanshin Tigers. The Murayama affair shows what happens when the Japanese confront conflicting obligations. It is a classic case of Japanese-style intergroup diplomacy.

The Tigers' leading pitcher for more than a decade, Murayama had a glorious career that included three Best Pitcher awards, one MVP and the lowest life-

time ERA in Japanese baseball history. His appointment as player-manager at the age of 32 was a rare tribute in Japan.

Murayama got off to an excellent start as manager, narrowly missing the 1970 league championship. Rebounding from three years of sub-par pitching because of injuries, he was his old self, achieving a 14-3 mark and setting a Japanese record with a 0.98 ERA.

The next year Murayama's luck began to turn sour. Plagued by a sore arm and a bad knee, he hardly pitched at all and won only seven games. The rumor spread that Murayama's pitching days were over, and it was becoming painfully evident that he was not a first-rate manager, either.

As a pitcher, Murayama had inspired his team, often providing the extra spark that led it to victory. But when he donned his manager's cap, his temper was a liability. He expected other players to match his own fiery intensity. He played favorites, openly criticizing players he did not like. It was not long before the dissonance he caused was reflected in the team's performance. The Tigers slipped from contention early in the year and struggled through a dismal season.

By the beginning of Murayama's third season as manager, it was evident that the situation was not going to improve. He was not pitching at all. He explained that he wanted to devote more time to developing young pitchers and managing the team.

With the 1972 season two weeks old and the Tigers once more in the second division, Murayama called a press conference. He told reporters that he would turn the team over to Head Coach Masayasu Kaneda in order to devote himself completely to pitching. Murayama accepted complete responsibility for the team's predicament. He vowed to do his best to regain his old form, to take his regular turn on the mound and to help the younger pitchers.

At a press conference the next day, the team owner confirmed what Murayama had said. Murayama would concentrate on pitching while Kaneda would act as acting manager. "Can this be considered a *kyūto*?" asked one reporter. "Yes, it can," the owner replied.

In response to another question, the owner verified that Murayama himself had asked for the *kyūto* in order to jolt the team out of its rut. When it came to the question of Murayama's return, the

owner equivocated. "Murayama will come back when the team reaches .500 - or perhaps even higher," he said. "When we reach the point where we feel it is all right for Murayama to handle two responsibilities, we will evaluate the situation and make a determination at that time. Perhaps the team will ask Murayama to come back and we'll make a determination then." Murayama kept the title of manager.

Nothing quite like this had ever happened before. Pretending not to notice that the Tigers now had two managers, the front office praised Murayama's courageous decision. The acting manager promised to do his best to win more games so the manager could return to his rightful place. The pitchers wailed that the team's miserable showing was their fault. They solemnly promised to pitch better and move the club up so Murayama could end his self-imposed exile.

Privately, no one had any illusions about Murayama's comeback. He had vowed to start and to pitch in relief as often as possible, but he was not the Murayama of old. His arm was gone, he was out of condition and the old knee injury forced him to work with his leg wrapped from ankle to thigh. He had to take painkillers to ease his suffering.

In the weeks that followed, Murayama's appearances on the mound were rare. When he did pitch, the results were unimpressive. However, the Tigers began to jell under the acting manager, and moved steadily up in the standings. After each victory, Kaneda would join the owner and the players in alluding to the day, near at hand, when the manager would manage again.

Unfortunately for Murayama, it was all a show, written and performed to save the manager's face. With each passing day of the season, it became more obvious that the Tigers had no intention of giving the manager's job back to Murayama. Seven times Acting Manager Kaneda submitted his resignation, and seven times the front office refused to accept it.

By August the Tigers were in second place, only two games behind the league-leading Giants. Everyone on the team still called Murayama *kyōto* (manager) and the head coach *kyōto* (acting manager). Murayama was included in all the strategy meetings, and Kaneda mentioned to the press at every opportunity that he was directing the club with

continued

the help and guidance of Murayama.

The season drew to a finish with Kaneda still technically in command. The Hanshin Tigers finished second. They had kept the outcome of the pennant race in doubt until the last few days of the season. Tiger fans were delighted. So were the young Tiger players who had warmed the bench under Murayama; Kaneda had given them a chance to play and develop. The future looked bright for the team.

The problem of Manager Murayama still remained, however. The team had done so well under the acting manager that the logical thing to do would be to promote him to manager. After all, the club had an obligation to its fans. But what about the great pitcher who had contributed so much to the team over the years? The team owed a tremendous debt to this proud, easily misunderstood man and could not casually discard him. If he were replaced as manager, it would be a devastating loss of face for him. The fans would not tolerate such callous disregard for such a great player.

The Hanshin front office did what many Japanese will do when faced with a difficult decision. Nothing. It stalled for time. The general manager of the team claimed the decision rested with the owner of the Tigers. The owner said the responsibility belonged to the president of the parent company, Hanshin Railways, who had originally lobbied for Murayama as manager three years before. Spokesmen for the president said that the president was ill—too ill to consider the problem—and insisted that the decision was up to the Tiger owner.

Weeks passed with no announcement from the front office on the fate of the "Two-Headed Tiger," as the Hanshin club came to be known.

Finally, the expected happened. Murayama came in, stoically submitted his resignation as manager, then notified the club of his retirement as a player. After "realizing" that Murayama could not be persuaded to change his mind, the owner quickly offered the post to Kaneda. Kaneda said he needed some time to

think about the job; then he accepted it a few days later. Murayama refused a position in the Tiger organization, ignored overtures from other teams and dropped quietly out of baseball.

This whole chain of events may seem bizarre to Americans, who are used to seeing managers fired with total disregard for feelings. But in Japan, where the human values of duty and personal honor are all-important, any change in the status quo is a serious undertaking. A *kyoso* saves the day in those cases where the firing of a losing manager would subject him to national disgrace.

It sounds wacky, but then there must be some reason why Japanese baseball continues to improve by leaps and bounds. Perhaps it has to do with the mentality that invented the managerial *kyoso*. Who knows, maybe *kyoso* will even catch on in the States. More than one major league manager would jump at the chance to take a month off in mid-summer to go fishing—and, of course, to reflect on his team's problems. **END**

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He stoops to low tricks

Batters usually ground out against Randy Jones, the Padres' studious sinkerballer, who has become an ace by working fast and throwing slow

Randy Jones is a 26-year-old left-hander who began throwing baseballs as a Brea, Calif. Pee Wee Leaguer. Now, as a big-leaguer with the Padres, he is tossing them over the plate just a few taco stands down the road in San Diego. It is a low-mulchage trip that a lot of folks in the National League wish he had not made. As far as they are concerned, Jones' whole act sinks.

Their gripe is that Jones is one of the most successful, briskly efficient, dog-gone frustrating pitchers around. Approaching his craft with the zeal of a Talmudic scholar, Jones adheres to a carefully programmed style designed to minimize stress on his arm and maximize the number of ground-outs by his foes.

Jones' pitching philosophy is simple enough. He throws almost nothing but knee-high strikes, the hardest kind of pitch for most batters to hit solidly. He accomplishes this by serving up low-speed sinkerballs on 70', of his deliveries. As its name implies, the sinker drops as it reaches the plate, thus producing an unusual number of ground balls. The strong-armed fastball strikeout pitcher may be more dramatic, but for sheer efficiency, Jones—who usually needs only one or two of his pinpoint lowballs to induce a batter to bounce out to an infielder—has no peer.

But as uncomplicated as Jones' approach to pitching sounds, execution of it is far from easy. "I always try to re-

lease the ball over a bent front leg," he says, enumerating the checkpoints he goes through on each delivery. "I have to let the ball go in front of me, not even with my head, but in front of my body. I also make sure I drop down on my back leg, the left leg that's on the rubber, so that I get a good push off the mound. Another thing I do is keep my right shoulder in, to get a little more arm speed. And I've got three other things I tell myself every time I get ready to make a pitch. If I throw 90 times in a game, I must remind myself 90 times to relax, to concentrate and to react to the ball."

Even while methodically going through his checklist, Jones works as though the stadium

were on fire. "I hate a three-hour game," he says. On occasion he has even shown loathing for two-hour contests. In a 1-0 shutout of the Pirates last season, Jones completed the game in one hour, 44 minutes, throwing only 68 pitches. Forty-nine of them were strikes.

Against the Pirates last week, Jones needed just 83 pitches to earn a 4-2 victory and become the season's first five-game winner. So far he has completed four of his seven starts and compiled a 3.12 earned run average.

All of which is not bad for a pitcher who labors with a large handicap. Jones' fastball (due to arrive any minute) has been clocked at 73 mph by radar. That is 10 mph slower than the average major league fastball and about 20 mph cooler than the heat generated by hard throwers like Tom Seaver.

Jones bears a lot of razzing about his sinking fastball, which may be the only one in the National League with a measurable hang time. "It wouldn't take Randy so long to pitch a game if his fastball got to the plate a little quicker," said Third Baseman Doug Rader after Jones had beaten the Cubs 3-1 in an hour and 47 minutes on April 23.

Jones offers a logical explanation for his lack of speed. "The pitch that brought me to the big leagues and gave me my success is the sinkerball," he says. "The thing is, if you throw it too hard, it doesn't sink. There's a perfect speed for the pitch that will make the ball move best for you. So my purpose actually is not to throw hard, because the harder I throw, the less effective the pitch."

Jones came to realize the importance of throwing low and slow the hard way. In his major league debut at New York in 1973, the first hit he allowed was a 400-foot homer by Willie Mays. "The first time I faced Henry Aaron, he also took me deep," Jones says. "The first time I faced Willie Stargell, he hit one. I didn't mess around. I got 'em all out of the way, then got down to business."

It was only after Jones had endured a prolonged disaster in 1974 that he mastered the techniques that now make him a big winner. That season Jones had an 8-22 record and ample grounds to sue the other Padres for nonsupport. In '74 San Diego finished last in team batting and RBIs, scored only 36 runs in all of Jones' defeats and committed 170 errors.

"I was really at a low point after that,"

continued



ON EACH DELIVERY, JONES GOES THROUGH A CHECKLIST

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he says. "I didn't know where to turn, and if someone had some advice, I was ready to listen." He paid keenest attention to Tom Morgan, the Padre pitching coach in 1975. Morgan revamped Jones' windup and delivery, drilled him on fundamentals and gave him the checkpoints he now uses. Jones responded with a 20-12 record in 1975 as the San Diego hitting and defense also improved. He earned a save in the All-Star Game, was second to Seaver in the Cy Young Award vote and had a 2.24 ERA, the National League's best.

As both the team leader and the pitching man's thinker, Jones obviously is a fine example for the rest of the San Diego staff. Already, one teammate, Botch Metzger, is following his philosophy and coming up with some Jonesian results. A 23-year-old rookie who, like Jones, consistently throws strikes, Metzger has not yielded an earned run in 19 innings of short relief. Using mostly fastballs, he has won three games and saved three others.

A pair of those saves came last week, when Metzger made two appearances and allowed only one hit. Unfortunately, he could do nothing to rescue Jones, who started against the Mets in quest of his sixth victory. In a way it was a typical Jones performance—only one of the first nine New York batters hit the ball in the air. The exception was Dave Kingman, who blasted a two-run, first-inning homer that sent Jones on the way to his second loss of the season and provided a lesson in how carefully a sinkerballer must check his checklist if he is to succeed. "I made one mistake, and it cost me the game," says Jones. "My sinker didn't sink on that pitch. I thought he might pop it up, and he did—300-some feet over the fence."

THE WEEK

(May 2-8)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL EAST Excellent relief pitching was the primary reason why the East was 22-12 against the West. Skip Lockwood helped keep New York (5-2) in first with three superb appearances, and Dave Kingman supplied 10 RBIs and hit his 10th, 11th and 12th homers.

The Cardinals (4-2) ended a 13-game road trip during which their bullpen figured in all seven wins. By yielding just one run in 15

innings last week, the relief staff of Mike Wallace, Al Hrabosky, Danny Friesella, Harry Rasmussen and Mike Proby finished the trip with a 1.15 ERA.

For Philadelphia (4-1) the bullpen ace was Gene Garber, who gave up just two hits in nine innings as he registered a win and two saves. Bobby Tolan (.412, three homers, nine RBIs) was an able replacement for injured Dick Allen.

Bob Moose, Larry Demery and Dave Giusti preserved three wins for Pittsburgh (5-1). The Pirates also got strong starting pitching as Bruce Kison beat the Giants 6-1 and John Candelaria topped the Braves 3-1.

Dale Murray of the Expos (2-2) came out of the bullpen to hurl seven scoreless innings, cut his ERA to 1.42 and increase his consecutive innings without a homer to 179.

Dependable relievers? The Cubs (2-4) wished they had some. Even one Chicago pitcher were rapped for 50 runs. Jose Cardenal, who hit .500, won a 6-5 struggle against the Giants with his sixth hit of the game, a single in the 14th.

NY 10-2 PHIL 12-7 PIT 14-0

ST. L 12-13 CHC 91-58 MONY 8-14

NL WEST While other teams tried to change their luck by resorting to such things as a good-luck shower, a kiss, a somersault and a team meeting, the Dodgers continued to roll along. Doug Rau moved Los Angeles (4-0) into first place by defeating St. Louis 3-1, then Mike Marshall notched his fourth, fifth and sixth saves as the Dodgers hammered the Cubs 9-6 and 14-12 (hitting seven homers) and the Phillies 10-8 to run their victory streak to 12. Los Angeles hit a resounding 328, with Steve Yeager and Bill Russell batting .500 and Ron Cey driving in nine runs.

Slumping Dave Concepcion of Cincinnati (3-3) showered before a game in New York to "wash away the bad luck." That day he ended an 0 for 15 drought with a liner that fell for a triple. In Chicago, Concepcion climbed into a huge clubhouse clothes dryer to warm up. Teammate Pat Zachry playfully shut the door on him and pretended to turn the machine on. One thing went wrong: the dryer went on, and Concepcion got a few scary tumbles before escaping with singed hairs on his legs. Warmmed up, he got three hits against the Cubs in a 14-4 triumph.

It was revealed that Atlanta Owner Ted Turner had met with his team before the season and laid out an incentive program. For every win over 81, he promised each Brave \$500, and for every 100,000 fans over the break-even point of 900,000, he proposed a 5% bonus on all salaries. The idea may be against baseball's rules, but if the Braves continue their losing ways, the question of legality may be moot. Turner tried to change his team's luck by kissing third base, doing

a somersault and winding up in a mock collapse. His Braves did a real collapse, losing six times for a club-record 12 in a row.

Manager Bill Rigney called a team meeting to try to untangle his Giants (0-6). Fired up, they went out and lost to Pittsburgh 3-0.

James Rodney Richard of Houston (2-4) attributed his 5-1 record to hard work. "I'm running two miles in under 10 minutes at times," he said. Richard's increased stamina paid off as he stopped the Mets 5-4 and the Cardinals 3-1.

Three-run homers by Doug Rader provided the winning runs as the Padres (3-2) beat the Pirates 4-2 and the Expos 6-4.

LA 10-12 CIN 14-10 HOUS 12-14
SD 12-13 SF 4-16 ATL 8-17

AL EAST

The Yankees enjoyed a California vacation as they won five of six in the Golden State. Cal Fish Hunter beat the Angels 10-4, Sparky Lyle saved two games and Chris Chambliss hit .429. And the new-look Bronx Blazers stole 15 more bases, Willie Randolph swiping five and Mickey Rivers four.

Henry Aaron closed his first home run of the season—the 744th of his career—but could not keep Milwaukee (11-2) from falling 2½ games behind New York. Eduardo Rodriguez earned his fifth save in the Brewers' lone win, a 4-3 defeat of the Twins.

Sharp pitching brought Detroit (2-2) a pair of wins over Chicago. Ray Baret beat the White Sox 3-0 with a one-hitter, and Vern Ruhle combined with Bill Laxton to limit the Sox to six hits in a 7-1 decision.

Cleveland (3-4) lost three one-run games, but salvaged two narrow wins over Oakland. George Mendick, who batted .448, did in the A's by a 5-4 score with a towering 10th-inning homer, and Alan Ashby sealed a 3-1 win with a two-run single in the ninth.

Wayne Garland of Baltimore (3-3) tossed 10 innings of scoreless relief and in a single week equaled his win total for all of last season with 4-3 verdicts over Oakland and Kansas City. Before batting with the score tied 3-3 in the bottom of the ninth of the latter game, Al Bumbry was urged by Manager Earl Weaver to "move up about four inches in the box and, if you get ahead of the pitcher, go for the home run." Four inches and one pitch later, Bumbry deposited the ball in the right-field seats. The Orioles did not give away the shirts off their backs, but before the largest regular-season crowd in their history—51,195 on Jersey Night—they did hand the Royals a 6-3 victory. That left the Birds in fifth place. Bobby Grich was out with tendinitis, and Reggie Jackson, who had gone 2 for 13 after ending a four-week holdout, was sidelined with a sore wrist. "We could be in worse shape," said Weaver. "We could be the Boston Red Sox."

Ah, yes, the Red Sox (0-5). They became

continued

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BASEBALL continued

cellar dwellers as their losing streak reached eight games. Said Philter Rock Wink: "It's the snowball effect, the domino theory." The Sox might have been better off throwing snowballs or playing dominoes, for their collapse was complete. The batters hit .232, the fielders made five errors and the starting pitchers were bludgeoned for 42 hits and 28 runs in 211 innings. Through it all, the Sox were able to gaze at mementos of the days when they did things right—their newly received World Series rings.

NY 11-5 MIL 10-8 DET 10-8
CLEV 10-15 BAL 9-12 BOS 9-12

AL WEST It's nice to have a few friends drop by—at least Bobby Bonds of the Angels (3-4) and Craig Kucik of the Twins think so. Cleveland, which had won at California 13 straight times to tie a league mark for most consecutive victories against one team on the road, led the Angels 4-1 in the eighth. Then up-stopped Bonds, with 500 fans from his hometown of Riverside, Calif., looking on. He slammed a three-run homer, and on the next pitch, Bill Melton homered and the Angels won 5-4.

When Minnesota (3-1) played at Milwaukee, Kucik wangled tickets from his teammates for a delegation of 29 from his hometown of Mayville, Wis. He gave his fans a lot to cheer about as he homered, singled and had four RBIs in a 13-2 win.

Home runs also bolstered Kansas City (4-1) as it climbed to second place behind

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

SHIP LOCKWOOD—In 4 1/2 innings of clutch relief, the Met pitcher struck out eight batters and strangled up three saves. Twice he came on to win Cincinnati's Johnny Bench first with the bases loaded and next with two runners on.

rampaging Texas (page 61). Amos Otis, who hit .421 during the week, socked his first two homers of the season to beat Boston 7-3. John Mayberry also connected for his first home run and had five RBIs as the Royals topped the Orioles 6-3.

Troubles mounted for the A's (2-5). Reliever Rollie Fingers' lastball continued to be creamed and his ERA soared to 5.00. And the usually reliable Oakland defense made six errors, plus at least as many mental slips, in a 14-4 loss to the Yankees.

Chicago Owner Bill Veeck wasn't singing in the rain. Bad weather has already cost him an estimated 175,000 fans and \$750,000. On top of that, his White Sox (1-3) were shut out twice and had just one extra-base hit.

TEX 14-4 KC 10-8 MINN 9-10
OAK 11-13 CHC 9-11 CAL 9-10

How do you tell a kid he's been traded?

How do you explain to a .400 hitter that his Dad's been transferred to a different city? What can you say that will ease the pain of leaving his teammates behind?

Sure, there'll be another team—maybe even better—in the city he's moving to. But for awhile at least, it won't be the same.

These are the heart-tugging moments that are so often a part of moving. And United Van Lines knows how important they are to you and your family.

That's why we do our very best to take the load off your mind... as well as your hands. We think you should have the time you need to spend with the people you care about most.

Your nearby United agent is waiting to help. Why not give him a call today? He's listed in the Yellow Pages®.

United Van Lines

We Make The Going Easier!



It is a spooky-looking garment: a cov-
erall of international orange, with a
hood hiding most of the face, and feet
that seem designed for an elephant. Of-
ficially known as the Imperial water sur-
vival suit after its fabricator, the Imper-
ial Manufacturing Company of Brem-
erton, Wash., but called the "Ugly Suit,"
it is catching on all over the world. It is
worn on North Sea oil rigs and on Great
Lakes ore carriers, aboard ice boats and
helicopters carrying personnel of the
Alaska Pipeline, in over-water balloons
and by Bering Sea crab fishermen. The
icebreaker *Mambou* carried suits for
crewmembers through the Northwest Pas-
sage. And it is used by winter-sailing
yachtsmen, Antarctic explorers and the
Military Sealift Command in the Antarc-
tic and North Pacific.

As, cozily enveloped in an Ugly Suit,
I floated in a factory testing pool under
the eye of Imperial founder and presi-
dent James Hill, he told me of a Coast
Guardman who shot into his office one
day with hand extended. "Took a day
off to shake your hand," he said to Hill.
He had been pitched out of the cov-
erswain's seat of a small surf rescue boat
on a wild, dark night off the Oregon
coast. Though his mates searched
through the night, it wasn't until morn-
ing that he was located floating snugly
in his water survival suit. He had suffered
not from the 48° temperature of the wal-
loping seas upon which he had floated
lightly as a gull, he reported, but from
loneliness.

This past Christmas, Foss Launch &
Tag Company, the Northwest's flet of
heavy-duty tugs operating in the icy wa-
ters of the North Pacific, invested \$50,000
in Imperial survival suits for its crewmen.
The purchase followed the remarkable
survival of five crewmen of the *Crysalis*,
off Akutan Island in the Aleutians. That
king crabber overturned and sank, but
the crew had time to zip themselves into
survival suits. They launched a life raft,
which promptly turned turtle, but they
were rescued 2½ hours later, clinging to

So suitable to survival

**It is loose and lumpy and the feet
are big, but it has saving graces**

the raft, none the worse for an experi-
ence that routinely costs lives within min-
utes in the bitter Bering Sea.

The current model of the survival suit,
which has constantly been improved for
more than a decade, is both bulky and
expensive (\$195 to \$220 retail), and is
sold only through ship chandlers. But
simpler, cheaper sportsmen's models for
inland boating are now undergoing tests
and may be in distribution by the end of
1976.

When in full production, the company
(the largest maker of wet suits of all kinds
in the world) can turn out 300 survival
suits a day. Some orders, escorted all the
way through the line from the first cut-
ting of 3 1/2" foam skin-diving-suit-type
floatation rubber to final blind-stitching,
have been filled in a day. It isn't the air
in the suit but the material itself that
floats high in the water, even when sur-
rounding a 280-pound man. If the suit is
torn or filled with water, it will not sink
and the wearer stays warm, wet or dry.
The suits are nylon-lined and have wa-
terproof zippers, attached hoods, boots
and gloves, and are so easy to don that
it takes less than a minute to get into one
ashore or on deck, three minutes in calm
seas. No clothing has to be removed, not
even boots—the reason for the suit's ele-
phant feet.

Suits are made in one size to fit any-
one up to 6'8" tall. "Who has time to
sort through sizes in an emergency?" asks
Hill. "The point is the donning time of
20 to 55 seconds. U.S. Navy tests indi-

cate that survival time of 13 hours and
more can be expected in water tempera-
tures of 35°. We really don't know how
long they'll work. We've never tested to
the point of hypothermia."

Floating in the factory testing pool is
an unusual experience, to say the least.
As you descend into the water, air
whooshes up out of the suit past your
face. Nitrogen trapped in the neoprene
lends such buoyancy that you cannot
submerge yourself or be pushed under-
water. It's even difficult to get your legs
under you to climb out of the tank. A
breath-inflated high-rider ring—a floata-
tion ring attached to the suit—lifts and
cushions head and neck well out of the
water. I hated to get out. It was like
bouncing gently on a water bed. Tacked
on the tank wall is a life-size photograph
of a plump girl in a mini-bikini to keep
testers from falling asleep at their restful
work.

The suit's major distributor in the East
is Atlantic Survival of Old Harbor Road,
Westport Harbor, Mass. and Adams-
ville, R.I. In Chicago, it is distributed by
Black Industrial Supply, in Seattle by
Nordby Supply. Ship chandler C. J. Hen-
dry supplies it in San Francisco, San
Pedro and San Diego. Imperial survival
suits are popping up in Europe, Canada
and South America; many purchasers are
ship operators who know how inade-
quate ordinary life preservers are in cold
water.

Started in a basement garage in 1959,
the business has grown steadily at an an-
nual rate of 15 to 20%. Imperial also
makes reversible ski pants, jumpers and
suits—a different color on each side
(\$60 to \$120), the best idea since Willy
Bogner took us out of baggy flannels.

One of Imperial's problems is what to
do with scraps of floatation material that
are left over after the suits are cut. If you
have an idea, pass it on to Jim Hill. He
hates to waste the stuff.

END

*On land and sea—or in between—the testers
all praise Jim Hill (inset) for his survival suit.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICKEY PELZER



*With great pride,
Volkswagen enters the luxury car field.*

Dasher

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The elegant Volkswagen. New for us, but not strange for us. All Volkswagens have been elegant in their simplicity. Elegant in design. In concept. In function. Dasher is all of these. With the added elegance of timeless styling. A striking interior. Rich appointments. Dasher is a cultivated car. In size. (Extravagant inside, conservative outside.) In performance. (0-50 mph in 8.0 seconds.) In economy. 37 mpg highway, 24 mpg city (1976 EPA estimates with standard transmission. Actual mileage may vary with your type of driving, driving habits, car's condition and optional equipment.) In serviceability. In features like steel-belted radial tires, fuel injection and front-wheel drive. You may drive the graceful sedan or the gracious station wagon. We offer these cars with great pride, to be owned with great pride. Volkswagens before Dasher have been elegantly simple. Dasher is simply elegant.



Going, Going... Gone!

The finest judges of bloodstock were there—traders and hardboots, trainers for the duPonts and Mellons, shrewd agents from London, Dublin and Paris, Japanese horsemen, even Arabs, it was said. In that summer of 1974 they came to the yearling sales in Lexington and Saratoga looking for a winner of a Derby, for a Triple Crown horse. They spent \$100,000 or more on each of 21 promising colts—and they missed him.

Traditionally, these sales draw the thoroughbred world's attention and a ton of its money. In 1974 the auctions also drew Esteban Rodríguez Tizol, 72, a retired auto dealer and banker from Santurce, Puerto Rico. Rodríguez wanted to buy a few claimers to run at El Comandante in his homeland. He purchased 10 yearlings, none a match in beauty or breeding for the glossy young horses that were bringing top bids. Nine of Rodríguez' purchases are still stabled in Puerto Rico, and these turned out pretty much as the old man hoped—they are cheap platers. The 10th yearling, named Bold Forbes, was the prize that the big buyers sought, the Derby winner.

Bold Forbes brought just \$15,200 at the Fasig-Tipton Kentucky sale. About 700 buyers attended the auction, which was held in a tent during a thunderstorm. The young horses were neighing, lunging, alarmed by the wind and lightning. Many were unruly as they entered the

Since the auctioneers' hammers banged down, a lot of expensive colts have failed to measure up to the hopes of the high bidders

ring, and indeed some of the buyers believed the tent might collapse. Only 46 horses were catalogued, and so small was Bold Forbes that his consignor, Lee Eaton, thought about withdrawing him to hurry things up.

That same summer Bert and Diana Firestone bought seven yearlings. In their lot they managed to get the Derby runner-up and 2-year-old champion, Honest Pleasure, as well as classy Optimistic Gal, who won the Kentucky Oaks on Derby eve and is regarded as the best filly of her age in the U.S. In 48 hours they purchased two champions, something no owners in memory had accomplished.

Bert Firestone and his trainer, LeRoy Jolley, examined Honest Pleasure before the Saratoga sale. Neither found a flaw. The Firestone ceiling was \$50,000, but Jolley figured Honest Pleasure would bring at least \$75,000. "I was prepared to go that high," Jolley says, "but I'm not sure if Mr. Firestone was." The question became academic when Firestone bid \$45,000 and no one went higher. Optimistic Gal cost \$55,000, but Firestone will spend more on fillies because they have potential as broodmares.

Kentucky Gold (\$625,000) has not panned out, his earnings on the track being just \$1,500.

The Rodríguez and Firestone purchases went unnoticed; far higher-priced animals were capturing the headlines that July and August. In Lexington, a Raise a Native colt topped the sales at \$625,000, earning the name Kentucky Gold. He has won little since—\$1,500 for finishing third in a maiden race at Hollywood Park. His trainer, Charlie Whittingham, says the colt hasn't shown that he *isn't* going to develop into a runner. But then, he hasn't shown that he *is*. "Oh, he'll get better when he fills out and when he's running more distance," Whittingham says. Hopefully.

Leslie Combs II, who bred and sold Kentucky Gold, shies from discussion of the colt and quickly diverts critics by pointing out that the yearling that brought the next-highest price at the Lexington auction, \$330,000, "can't beat a fat man." Lou Goldfine, who trains this colt, named Whirlawhile, does not assess him so bluntly. "By April of his 2-year-old year, Whirlawhile had developed a stifle problem," Goldfine says. "I took my time. He had good running action and a nice stride. One day at Moonmouth he had a workout that showed me he'd be something. The rider came back and said, 'Hey, this colt can run.' It was the last I saw of his potential.

"He's awkward, like a big kid in the Little League. Now he's down at Spendthrift Farm. He has a little calcification in his forelegs. They punched holes in the bones to stimulate circulation. He still has the body of a great horse, but to be truthful, some of them never make it back. Some, by the time they get to racing, have so many ailments you get a race out of them and—pop!—that's it."

A colt that might have brought a higher bid than either Kentucky Gold or Whirlawhile is a son of Tom Rolfe and the fine race mare Shuvee. He was sold for \$350,000 at Saratoga, but he might have cost considerably more had he not been the second horse to come into the sales ring after the auction had been interrupted by President Nixon's resignation speech. Expecting the best, the colt's new owner, Sigmund Sommer, named him Tom Swift. "He's an absolute steal," Sommer proclaimed triumphantly, sign-

continued

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HORSE RACING *continued*

ing the sales slip. "My trainer doesn't know I got him. I'll tell him tomorrow morning. He'll scream, but then after a while he'll say, 'Well, let's go and take a look at the horse.'"

What Trainer Frank Martin saw was a tiny colt with a cut on his ankle. The horse grew slowly, and as a 2-year-old in training, he refused to exert himself. In July he bucked shins and in September he was fired, a process in which a hot iron is applied to a horse's legs to toughen them. Tom Swift was decidedly slow in getting to the post. He made his first start two weeks ago, finishing seventh in a maiden race at Aqueduct. Lifetime earnings: \$719. "He's got common sense, and he tries," Martin says, sizing up the most expensive horse he's ever had in training as if he were meant to pull a plow.

Others who bought colts for six-figure sums at the mid-summer sales tell similar tales of woe. Ten of the 21 colts went to U.S. trainers and eight of these have gotten to the post; they have won just seven events among them, and a total of \$50,990 in 26 starts.

Foreigners, lured by the knowledge that four of the previous seven Epsom Derby winners were North American-bred, took away the rest of the high-priced colts. These horsemen spent wisely, at least by comparison. Though most purse money in Ireland and England is paltry, a horse that wins a European classic is worth millions as a stallion. Of the 11 super colts shipped overseas, four are listed as contenders in the June 2 Epsom Derby, and for them surely there is still considerable hope. The best of the group is Far North, by Northern Dancer, who cost \$250,000 at Saratoga. The others are Take Your Place (\$125,000), Over to You (\$115,000) and Sir Winborne (\$100,000).

Meanwhile, the Triple Crown fields in the U.S. are filled with bargain-priced animals—the ill-bred, the crooked, the small. Among the Derby starters, On the Sly cost \$6,000, Inca Roca \$6,000, Amato \$12,200, Electioneer \$15,000. Boldson, who finished last in the classic, brought a respectable \$38,000.

More than 27,000 thoroughbreds were born in 1973, yet if the Derby is any indication, the Triple Crown will be a series of match races between two colts—Bold Forbes and Honest Pleasure—that as yearlings left something to be desired. They were the needles in the haystack just 22 months ago.

END

"The trick of Desert Sailing on the Baja's snow-white sands is not to end up black and blue!"

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—Mrs. Samuel Garre III
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—Mrs. Robin Kay Willoughby
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"I read your ad, decided to try what I thought was just another gimmick, and was surprised. The taste is better than any low-tar cigarette I've ever smoked."

—Paul Burt
Stirling, New Jersey

"...I could have told you after the first pack that you have really come up with something."

—Donel Green
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"New Merit is really great. I like the taste... and it was so easy to switch, I didn't believe it."

—C. S. Rodlund
Rose City, Michigan

"For years I was convinced you couldn't have low tar and taste. Thanks for proving me wrong."

—F. W. Hammerschmidt
Amityville, Long Island, New York

"Finally someone has made a low tar and nicotine cigarette that is really good."

—Ms. Joan Connelly
Livonia, Michigan



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Last fall, Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute formed a panel of 100 randomly selected men from the Los Angeles area—all owners of standard-size cars—and asked them to compare a 1976 Mercury Marquis Brougham with 76 models of its leading competitors: Buick Electra 225 or Olds 98 LS.

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1 Overall styling	38	17	38
2 Front end styling	36	14	32
3 Side view styling	33	17	31
4 Rear end styling	28	22	33
5 Interior styling	37	13	44
Ride			
6 Riding comfort	34	16	37
7 Handwriting on rough roads	31	19	31
8 Quietness	40	10	43
Handling			
9 Overall driving ease	32	18	33
10 Cornering ability	31	19	33
11 Right front visibility	34	16	35
12 Parking brake	39	11	43
13 Windshield washer	34	16	36
Quality features			
14 Solidly built	47	3	46
15 Carpeting thickness/softness	45	5	41
16 Headliner padding	33	17	35
17 Sun visor	34	16	39
18 Stereo performance	40	10	45
Convenience			
19 Spacious/convenient trunk	39	11	38
20 Tilt steering wheel operation	19	31	28
21 Glove compartment capacity	47	3	47
22 Rear window convenience	45	5	50
23 Door handle operation	44	5	44
24 Comfort practical front center arm rests	34	16	41
25 Ash tray accessibility	36	14	42
26 Asset straps convenience	28	22	40
27 Key design	44	6	46
28 Window/door lock operation	37	13	37
29 Interior lighting	47	3	48
Superior overall	37	13	40

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Much ado about a Little

Ignoring the shakes, Sally Little won the Women's International as you'd like it, blasting out of a bunker for a sensational birdie on the 72nd hole

Women's golf used to be a faint rumor operating out of the trunk of a rusty sedan with a cracked windshield and a coat hanger for a radio antenna, limping along on the road between Waco and Tippecanoe. That was before Gucci shoes, television cue cards and toothpaste tournaments got into the act.

Now the tour is the *Star Ship Enterprise*. Everyone has a real big smile, a public relations consultant and lingering jet lag from a travel schedule that demands the ability to yell "fore" in eight languages.

Last week there was yet another example of the new look, the \$70,000 Women's International held at Moss Creek Plantation on Hilton Head Island, S.C. In the field of 71 were all the top money-winners, many of the best amateurs in the country and a smattering of international stars. If the format looked a lot like the Masters, it was no coincidence. The sponsors wanted to call it that before Masters majordomo Clifford Roberts decreed they could not take his title in vain. The word Masters became International, which is a shame. Well, women are used to changing their names.

Actually the new name fit as well as the old, since the tournament turned into a two-country match between South Africa's Sally Little and Jan Stephenson of Australia. Moss Creek may have lost a name in the settlement, but it got custody of the excitement.

Little won the International the way you always dream about winning. She sank an 80-foot bunker shot for a birdie on the last hole to win by a stroke and send Stephenson into light shock. It was Little's first victory in six years of scratching around the tour, and it was worth \$10,000 and about five minutes of hugging and squealing by a coterie of friends who had gathered at the final green.

Little was below par in each of her rounds, shooting 71-69-71-70—281, sev-

en under on a course that was so tight the golfers felt as if a hand was ever on their shoulders. She also demolished the notion that she gets dishpan hands from sweating under the pressure, by birdieing three of the last five holes.

The International is one of seven new LPGA events this season. Hollis Stacy, nicknamed "Horace" because of a recent trip to Japan, represents Moss Creek on the tour, and she sold the development's president, Stewart Smith, on staging the event, then set about winning it. Urged on by a group of hometown fans up from Savannah, Ga., Stacy opened with a pair of 72s and was in contention until two front-nine double bogeys on Saturday signaled the death of a salesperson.

Every golfer knows that hell will be a crowded golf course with a wind in your face, a smart-aleck caddie and a clumsy partner. Moss Creek's course is named "Devil's Elbow" so players can have their hell on earth. It winds through thick forests, brushes alongside ominous marshes and has small greens and large, docile alligators that delay play when they lumber out of ponds. None of this seemed to bother Sally Little. When she birdied the second hole on Saturday, the guardians of the leader board were in a quandry. There were no red (for under-par) sixes available. Lucky it was a women's tournament. Out came a handbag and lipstick was used to transform a five into a six.

Judy Rankin wished she could apply some makeup to her game. She came to Moss Creek leading the tour in money earned, the winner of two of her last three events. But she kept hitting good shots and coming up ugly. "All I need is a brain operation or a birdie," she said after a third-round 72 that left her four back of Little and tied for third place with Debbie Massey and Muriel Breer. On Sunday, Rankin was really holding her head, the victim of a headache and a fourth-

round

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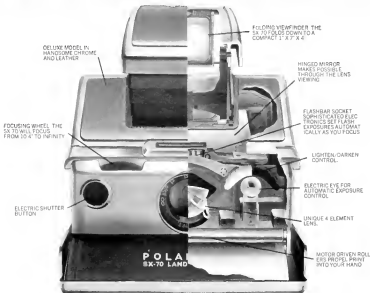
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round 77 that dropped her into a tie for ninth.

Massey, who led after the first round, was trying to become the first amateur to win a pro event since JoAnne Carner did it in 1969, but a 78 Sunday left her tied for 12th, and low ski instructor.

The women's tour ought to have a diving rod as its symbol and hire out as a rainmaker. Dark clouds always seem to be on the horizon. This year the LPGA even brought rain to the desert. It sprinkled in Palm Springs and poured in Phoenix. On Saturday a brisk wind came up late in the afternoon and a few drops fell, and with them Little, at least for a moment. "Now I know why it's called Devil's Elbow," she said after windswept bogeys on the 13th, 15th and 17th left her with a round of 71 and a three-round total of 211, five under par.

Stephenson, meanwhile, was creeping into second place. She birdied five holes on the last nine, shot a 70 and was back in the chase, a stroke behind Little.

On Sunday Stephenson posted another 70, then sat back to see what Little would do. What it came down to was Little on the 18th tee needing a par 4 to tie, no easy task with \$10,000 at stake.

Sure enough, she hit her approach into a bunker—and now you knew Stephenson had won. Little would have to get the ball close to give herself a chance to tie, and that didn't seem likely. Into the bunker went Little, and out came the ball onto the green and into the cup.

Lost in the excitement of Sunday's final round, one woman walked virtually unnoticed along the fairways, a reminder of another day on the tour. Mickey Wright, the winner of 82 tournaments, the greatest woman golfer of all time, was in the field. Now, because of a painful foot condition, she plays in sneakers. After her first-round 72, a newsman chided her about being "a little old lady in tennis shoes." Mickey laughed. The man was partly right. While she is not little, nor at 41 old, the golfer is indeed a lady.

Wright once won 44 tournaments in a four-year span. Her titles include four U.S. Opens and four LPGA championships. She shot two rounds of 62 on the tour, and never made an enemy. Now she is all but retired from the game, living in Port St. Lucie, Fla., where she manages her investments. She was smart enough to get out of the market in April 1973, but not brave enough to get back in last year. Now when she plays in a tourna-

continued



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The Weekly Newsmagazine

ment, she finds, like Kotter, that the names have all changed. Said 19-year-old amateur Nancy Lopez when told Wright had won 82 events, "I haven't even played in that many."

For all practical purposes, Mickey Wright's career ended at the U.S. Open in 1965. A painful wrist injury had ruined her game and brought her face to face with the necessity of an operation. Driving to Erie, Pa. for the tour's next tournament, she cried all the way. "I just knew that it was going to be the end of it," she says. Wright was 30 years old then, and while she would win an occasional tournament, the magic never returned.

"I felt like I had to win every week," she says. "If I finished second or third, I was a bum. I got tired of the pressure, terribly, terribly tired. I thought for a long time that winning golf tournaments was all there was to life. And I'm glad that a few physical problems got me off it, because I'm a happier person now."

Wright still hits golf balls every day, even though this was only her fourth tournament of the year. "I could win some more," she says. "But there's no comparison to the golfer I was then and the golfer I am now. That person's almost like someone I don't know. I don't have to drive to do it, and, Lord, I'm 20 years older, and that *does* make a difference."

Wright's chances of victory were scuttled on Friday when she made six 5s on the front nine, three-putting twice, and went on to shoot a 76, which dropped her eight shots behind Little. She hit the ball well but played her short game as if she were wearing gloves.

Ironically, Mickey Wright is less excited about big time women's golf than most people. "I wouldn't trade what I experienced, and the way golf was when I was winning, with our dinky purses of \$1,000 first prize, for anything. It was more fun. I won the Colgate in 1973 and \$25,000, and I didn't enjoy it the same. I love the money, but I didn't enjoy the big feel of it."

Well, different strokes for different folks. Wright shot a 72 on Saturday and a horrible 42 on the last nine Sunday and ended with a 78 that left her tied for 28th. That still was worth \$425. Twenty years ago, when Sally Little was four and Mickey Wright already was becoming legend, that would have been a nice check.

END

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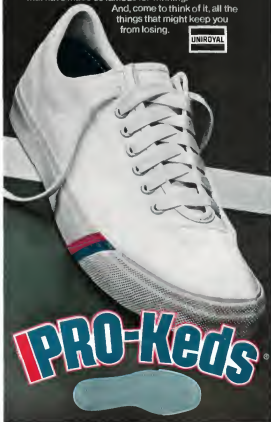
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ROUGH RIDING



ROVER BOYS

The Abernathy brothers never caught wolves bare-handed, the way their dad did, but at seven and 11 they crossed the continent alone on horseback

by GILES TIPPETTE

CONTINUED



Paul Davis

The year was 1904, Teddy Roosevelt was President, Archie Hahn was the world's fastest human, Jim Jeffries was the heavyweight champion, the New York Giants under John McGraw had won the National League pennant, and down in the Texas cattle country Jack Abernathy was catching wolves bare-handed.

Which seems a rather interesting occupation and one not to be taken lightly. There had been nothing in Abernathy's background that gave a hint he would become involved in so risky a pastime. At nine, he was a working cowboy and by 15 he was breaking horses. But for those times and that country this wasn't particularly unusual. The only clue that Abernathy might be subject to aberrant whims came at 17 when he decided to be a musician.

The question that comes to mind is why he wanted to catch a wolf bare-handed or why anyone would want to.

Abernathy caught his first wolf without giving much thought to danger. It was a mistake, done, he said later, in a hasty moment. When he was 15 he was working as a cow-puncher for an outfit near the Oklahoma border. Working cattle one day, two greyhounds of which he was very fond jumped a wolf. After a chase the wolf turned and bayed. By the time Abernathy rode up, one dog had been disemboweled and the other was being chewed. Abernathy had no gun and, without thinking, jumped from his horse and started for the fight. He was a young man noted for his exceptional quickness and agility, but, even so, a big wolf—and this one weighed about 125 pounds, almost as much as Abernathy—has canines an inch long and jaws that can crush bones. Abernathy later wrote that his only concern was getting the wolf off his dog, and that he expected the beast to run away. Instead, the wolf attacked Abernathy, lunging for his throat. Instinctively he threw up a hand, thrusting it sideways into the wolf's mouth. He then grabbed the wolf with his free arm and threw it on its back, and he discovered that as long as he kept the animal's lower jaw open it could not bite him. They struggled, the animal scratching and clawing. Once, Abernathy lost his hold and had to retake it. The scramble ended in a standoff with Abernathy on top of the wolf, holding on to its jaw for dear life, and the animal sinking beneath him. Abernathy was cut and bleeding when his brother, who had missed him, rode up. Abernathy later told his son that his brother said, "Well, what have you got there, Jack?" and he said, "I've got something captured I can't get loose from." His brother wanted to shoot the wolf, but Abernathy decided that since he'd got that far he was going to take the animal back alive. He made a running hitch with cord around the wolf's jaws, jerked his hand out, and with a quick pull tied its mouth shut. Then he slung it over his saddle and took it back to camp.

They say Abernathy caught a few more wolves at this time, but it was more for the sport of the thing and it wasn't until years later that he got serious about wolves. Instead, he decided to become a musician, got married, began selling pianos and raising a family, including two sons. It's important to take note of these two sons because they figure in the story later and they were just a

bit unusual, too, maybe even more so than their father.

After Abernathy quit being a musician and piano salesman he returned to cowboy and catching wolves. Only this time he discovered that he had a real knack for wolf catching and he began doing it full time, selling the animals to zoos, circuses and traveling shows for \$50 each. His fame spread and Teddy Roosevelt heard about him. Teddy, of course, couldn't let something unusual and outdoorsy go uninvestigated. A month after he was sworn in for his second term as President, Roosevelt arrived in Frederick, Okla., to watch Jack Abernathy catch a live wolf. That made everyone nervous, including the governor of Texas, S.W.T. Lanham, who sent Texas Rangers to provide Roosevelt with added protection. According to newspaper accounts, Roosevelt was immediately taken with Jack Abernathy and with Abernathy's famous wolf-hunting horse, Sam Bass. The President and Abernathy posed for pictures, the two looking bully and the Secret Service men looking apprehensive.

The first morning, Roosevelt joined the 10-mile chase over broken and rocky land. He later wrote: "... just as they crossed the creek the greyhound made a rush, pinned the wolf by the hind leg and threw it. There was a scuffle, then a yell from the greyhound as the wolf bit it. At the baw the hound let go... and at that moment Abernathy, who had ridden his horse right on them as they struggled, leaped off and sprang on top of the wolf. He held the reins of the horse with one hand and thrust the other, with a rapidity and precision even greater than the rapidity of the wolf's snap, into the wolf's mouth, jamming his hand down crosswise between the jaws, seizing the lower jaw and bending it down so the wolf could not bite him... with his knees he kept the wolf from using its forepaws to break the hold until it gave up struggling. When he thus leaped on and captured this coyote it was entirely free, the dogs having let go of it; and he was obliged to keep hold of the reins of the horse with one hand. I was not 20 yards distant at the time... It was as remarkable a feat of the kind as I have ever seen."

Of course, they had trouble with Roosevelt because he wanted to catch a wolf, too. The Secret Service finally talked him out of that, and he turned his attention to killing rattlesnakes, one as long as five feet, with his riding quirt. When he couldn't be persuaded to stop, and had, in fact, killed several, Ranger Captain Bill McDonald secretly burned the quirt in the campfire.

Roosevelt wasn't the only one of the party who wanted to try catching wolves. It was reported in the *Daily Oklahoman* that two others attempted it and had their hands badly mangled. When Roosevelt asked Abernathy about his technique, he said, "Well, Mr. President, you must remember that a wolf never misses its aim when it snaps. When I strike at a wolf with my right hand I know it's going into the wolf's mouth."

During his career Abernathy caught about a thousand wolves. He wrote: "Usually I wore a thin glove, the thinner the better. I wore this glove merely to prevent the sharp canine teeth of the wolf from splitting open the skin of my hand. In thrusting my hand into the mouth of a biting wolf,

sometimes the sharp teeth would scratch the skin if I didn't have on a thin glove." In a book he wrote called *Catch 'Em Alive Jack*, Abernathy talked about trying to teach others the process. "Nearly all were able to make the catch so far as letting the wolf have their hand. But when the savage animal would clump down on the hand, the student would become frightened, fearing the hand would be ruined forever. Instead of holding fast to the lower jaw, the student would quit. Consequently the wolf would then almost ruin the hand."

One of Abernathy's sons, Temple, talks of witnessing such an instance as a small boy: "Dad was trying to teach a Mexican cowhand who was around the camp. The man got the wolf all right, but then he got scared and let go and the wolf bit him viciously. He died a few days later. Loss of blood or some such."

In his book Abernathy claimed that the only time he was badly bitten was when he was catching wolves for a Colonel Cecil A. Lyon near Sherman, Texas. He had caught several wolves successfully, but then he had a few drinks of whiskey and the next wolf bit him. He later said the whiskey had ruined his timing.

Temple says the worst bite his father got was from his very first wolf. "Dad told me he was surprised at how easy he got that wolf down and thought he had a good chance of getting out of a bad spot unharmed. So he went to jerk away, but when he did, the wolf got him by the wrist and

bite him pretty bad. Dad pried open his mouth and took his hold again, but the wolf had severed the artery in the wrist, and he was losing blood pretty fast when my uncle rode up. When they got back to camp, that big vessel was sticking out about half an inch and spouting blood. Dad tried to shove it back in under the skin, but it wouldn't go. Finally, he just stretched it and cut it off with some shears they had around the wagon, tied it and stopped the bleeding."

When Roosevelt returned to Washington, he sent for Abernathy and asked him what federal office he would like to hold. Abernathy said he'd like to be the United States marshal for the Oklahoma Territory, and Roosevelt appointed him on the spot at a salary of \$5,000 a year. Later, the President wrote

My Dear Marshal:

I guess you had better not catch live wolves as a part of a public exhibition while you are Marshal. If on a private hunt you catch them, that would be all right, but it would look too much as if you were going into show business if you took part in a public celebration. Give my regards to all your family.

I am sure you are doing well in your position.

This presidential paper has to rank as some sort of first and last. Surely no head of a government before or since has written to one of his employees telling him to quit catching wolves bare-handed.

DAVID RYAN



In 1905, after subduing a wolf bare-handed, Jack Abernathy displayed his prize while flanked by admirers. President Teddy Roosevelt (second from right, standing) thought it a bully show and later appointed Abernathy a U.S. marshal.

In 1909 Temple Abernathy was five and his brother Louie was nine. Jack had been out to Santa Fe in the spring of that year, picking up prisoners. On his return he told the boys about the irrigated farmlands in New Mexico and the unbelievable orchards he had seen. Temple says, "Dad got to talking about those fruit trees and it just made my mouth water. He talked about apples as big as grapefruit, and pears and oranges. I loved fruit. We were living in the Oklahoma Territory then and we never saw any fresh fruit. All canned. So the more we talked about it, the more me and Bud, my brother Louie, thought we ought to go out there and see all that and get some of that fruit. Dad had raised us to be independent and resourceful so we broached the subject and he decided it would be all right. We'd been riding horseback most of our lives. When I was 18 months of age Dad was taking me wolf hunting sitting in front of his saddle. I was now five, but I was an old five and Louie was a pretty fair hand at nearly anything he wanted to do. Dad gave Louie his wolf-hunting horse, Sam Bass, and I had a pretty dependable horse named Geronimo that was about half pony. Then Dad gave us a letter saying we weren't run-aways and he gave Louie a checkbook so we wouldn't be carrying much cash and we just set out one morning."

For Santa Fe, N. Mex. from Guthrie, Okla.—a distance of about 800 miles. On horseback. Through rough country that had just barely been cleared of hostile Indians and was still frequented by outlaw bands and was as sparsely settled as any part of the nation.

"We had a side of bacon and some canned stuff and oats for the horses," Temple says. "There weren't any roads. We just rode cross-country, stopping whenever we could with a farm or ranch family. Sometimes we'd get to a little town and stay at the hotel. Lord, that was a pleasure. Don't let anyone tell you a little kid don't like to take a bath. You let him get dirty enough and he'll just think it's pie."

Temple's biggest problem on the trip was mounting his horse. Louie would saddle Geronimo for him, and Temple would pull himself up like a wall climber, starting with the stirrup, then catching the tie-downs that hung off the saddle and finally the saddle horn. In pictures taken at that time Temple looks the size of a bug, sitting on his horse with stubby legs sticking out on each side. "Mostly, I'd find a downed log or a fence or a high porch and get up that way," Temple says. "But that wasn't the worst part. The worst part was getting off. All I could do was catch hold of the saddle horn and swing off and drop. In my high-heeled boots I bet I sprained my ankles half a dozen times."

The brothers got into trouble about halfway to Santa Fe. As they were crossing a stretch of badlands, a black cloud suddenly arose, covering the sky. It began to hail. The boys got off and crouched under their horses' bellies. But the storm worsened and the hail increased in size. Even the unruffleable Sam Bass was becoming hard to hold and Temple's pony was whinnying and jumping. "That hail was about the size of a baseball," Temple says. "A chunk of it hit me on the head and even through my hat liked to knocked me cold. We were right out in the middle of a bald prairie—not a tree, not anything to find shelter under. But over to our right, about half a mile, was a low range of hills and Bud yelled at me he saw something looked like a hole in it."

They tore across the alkali flat and rode straight into a cave in the side of the hill. "It was so black you couldn't see your hand in front of your face," Temple says. "We were pretty beat up and pretty tired and I laid down right there and went to sleep. I don't know what would have happened to us if that cave hadn't been there, because the storm went on for hours."

As they traveled, word began to spread and, often, when they came to a town they found that the news of who they were and what they were doing had preceded them. "As a matter of fact," Temple says, "a lot of women were indignant about anyone letting two small boys cross the country a-horseback. Dad came out there to Santa Fe while we were visiting with the governor, and when he was going back on the train there was a bunch of women wanted to take him off and hang him. Of course Bud and I didn't think anything about it. We didn't know what it was to be scared. Wasn't old enough, I guess."

Except once. "We'd stayed with a ranch family and they showed us the direction to take next morning," Temple says. "The rancher told us if we saw a herd of horses, to give 'em a wide berth. Not to go within half a mile of 'em. What it was was a herd of mares that had been turned out with a big jack to get mules. Now a big jack, especially one with a herd of mares, will kill a horse. Horse hasn't got a chance. Anyway, we topped a little rise and there was the herd. I guess we didn't swing out wide enough because that old jack winded us and here he come. We put the horses in a run, but that jack was gaining. My little pony couldn't keep up and pretty soon the jack was breathing down my neck. I could hear him bawling and hee-hawing right behind me. I looked back and there he was, snapping his jaws. Looked about a foot wide. Bud dropped back and went to quiring my pony and Geronimo put on enough speed so that we got a little lead. Then Bud, who was always a level-headed lad, saw a fence up ahead with a gate. He yelled at me to come on and he put Sam Bass in a high run and got to the fence in time to open the gate for me to sail through and then he slammed it shut right in the face of that jack as he came tearing up. I tell you that scared me. It did."

It took the boys a little more than two months to make the round trip, including a week's stay with the governor of New Mexico. When they returned they discovered they were celebrities. In part, this was because of their famous father, Roosevelt's friend, but what they had done was looked upon as a staggering accomplishment for two children, riding through country that would give grown men pause. But that trip was only a tune-up.

The next year, 1910, Roosevelt, now an ex-President, was returning from a hunting trip in Africa and Jack Abernathy decided to go to New York to welcome him home. During Roosevelt's presidency Abernathy had been summoned to Washington on many occasions. Temple says that when his daddy was there, the President would dismiss his bodyguards, declaring that Jack Abernathy was all the protection he needed.

The boys didn't need any excuse to go to New York. Roosevelt's return was enough. On April 5 they saddled Geronimo and Sam Bass and rode out for New York. Again they took bacon, bread, oats and the checkbook. Along the

continued

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ROYER BOYS continued

was. Lorie cashed many checks for food and lodging, but they were to discover later that a lot of them were never turned in, people preferring to keep them as souvenirs.

Oklahoma had been a state for only three years and much of the eastern part was settled by Indians and inhabited by bandits and people who preferred seclusion. One night, riding late, the boys came on a solitary house on a prairie. Inside were half a dozen rough-looking men wearing guns. "They made us welcome," Temple says, "and took care of our horses and took us in the house. Wasn't any furniture, just an old wood-burning stove. For supper they killed a beef and we had fresh meat. Next day we noticed them following us a few miles back. They stayed with us all that day, never coming any closer than a mile. A long time later, after we got back from New York, there was a letter there for Dad, the marshal. It was from the men, who said that they'd made us welcome and taken care of us and then seen us go through some territory that might have been a little risky. Said if Dad would come out, they'd give him a different kind of welcome. It was a gang Dad had been trying to run down for some time."

Before the boys could get out of Oklahoma, Gerontimo began to fail. They had sudden hard one hot day and Gerontimo had drunk too much water. The next day he started to founder. They made it in to Hominy, Okla., where one

of Jack Abernathy's deputies lived. He took them out to a herd of about 40 horses and told Temple to pick one. Temple chose a paint horse that had only been ridden once. The boys stayed there for several days while Lorie gentled the horse and then they left. Temple named the paint Wylie Haynes after the deputy. "He was the best horse I ever owned," Temple says. "Never gave me a moment's trouble, and we did get into some tight spots every once in a while."

North of Springfield, Mo., in the Ozarks, the boys were hit by a spring norther. What began as freezing rain turned into sleet and then into snow. They were miles from anywhere, with a cutting wind blowing. After a time they were forced to dismount and walk to keep from freezing to death. Leashes hung down from the brims of their hats and the horses' tails and manes were similarly coated. They walked for hours until they came to the town of Union. There was a hotel there, but it was now well into the night and it took a lot of hooting before they could rouse anyone. The clerk, who had gone to bed, couldn't believe that anyone could have survived such a night without shelter.

They crossed Missouri, then Illinois and Indiana and started into Ohio. Once again they were celebrities, with their pictures and write-ups in the papers. "Souvenir hunters became a problem, pulling hair from the horses' tails and in-

11

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ROVER BOYS continued

cinnati, the mayor exclaimed, "Why, they're hardly bigger than 17 cents!" They got a tour of the zoo that exhibited timber wolves advertised as having been caught by Jack Abernathy, though Temple doubted that. In Dayton they met the governor of Ohio, were given a tour of the Wright airplane factory and met Wilbur.

But once on the trail again the boys were soon in trouble. Outside Wheeling, W. Va. they came to a creek muddy and swollen by heavy rains. Louie went first on the sturdy Sam Bass to see if he could make it. The old horse carefully picked his way through the current, swimming strongly until he found footing on the other side, whereupon Louie turned him around and reformed the creek. He helped Temple onto Sam Bass, mounted Wylie Haynes himself and they set out. Temple and Sam Bass made the far shore, but Wylie Haynes wasn't strong enough to negotiate the current and was swept downstream. Horse and rider went under, then bobbed up in the swirling current. "Temple yelled at me," Louie says, "Hang on, Bud!" Two hundred yards downstream, Wylie Haynes found his footing and was able to scramble ashore. By now the boys were entering well-settled territory with paved roads. They stopped in Washington, D.C. for 10 days and were given an official greeting and taken to see President Taft. Louie found him "big and jolly, but he didn't play with us like Teddy did."

They left Washington on June 6 and arrived in Baltimore the same day their father reached New York. Now impatient and tired, they pushed on, making it a one-day ride from Wilmington, Del. to Trenton, a distance of 75 miles. Their progress through New Jersey was slowed by the large crowds they were attracting, but by the time they reached the New York ferry in Jersey City, their father was there to meet them, along with some dignitaries who had brought collars of roses for the horses. They reached Manhattan at 6:30 that evening, riding their horses through the busy streets. A hundred policemen kept order in the crowds that turned out to welcome them.

The boys were part of the welcoming party that went out to meet Teddy Roosevelt in a cutter as his ship entered the harbor. Then they rode with the Rough Riders in the welcoming parade down Fifth Avenue.

But now it was over—or almost over.

Their father asked them how they'd like to drive a car back to Oklahoma. He said that the Brush Motor Car Company would furnish the car and he was willing to let them go, provided they could become good enough drivers. Of course they wanted to try that. The fact that there were very few roads, much less paved ones, was no deterrent. The fact that the automobile was still in its infancy and was a very unreliable mode of transportation, especially on a 2,500-mile trip, was not worth considering. Gasoline stations and garages hardly existed, but no matter. If they could ride a horse cross-country they could drive a car. It was that simple. The Brush, manufactured from 1907 to 1913, was a one-cylinder, 10-horsepower automobile capable of speeds up to 30 miles an hour. In the interest of lightness, a great many of its parts, including the axles, were made of wood. Louie and Temple practiced driving up and down Broadway until their father was satisfied they could handle the machine. Sam Bass and Wylie Haynes were shipped home by rail and on July 6 the boys set out.

The boys took a somewhat circuitous route, which ran through Albany, Detroit and Chicago. After leaving that city, they drove over rutted trails but still averaged better than a hundred miles a day. Temple's main complaint about the car was its chain drive: "Nearly all the roads were muddy and that damn chain just slung mud all over us the whole way." Other than that and a goodly number of flats, the boys had a surprisingly easy time on the 16-day trip.

Which ought to have wound up their careers as traveling men. No boys of any age could match what they had done, and very few men could claim such experiences. But then the Brush Motor Car Company invited them to New York for an automobile show. At that time there was talk that Roosevelt might become a compromise presidential candidate for the Republican Party. A couple of enterprising promoters from Coney Island named Thompson and Dundee hired the boys to ride an elephant and a donkey from New York to Washington. Louie rode the elephant and Temple the donkey and again they drew huge crowds, but the elephant developed sore feet and the ASPCA made them dismount in Philadelphia.

That definitely should have ended it,

except for some primitive fire-making to put up a \$10,000 prize if the boys could ride horseback from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Ocean in 60 days.

Well, why not? After all, that would only be across the Appalachians, the Rockies, some deserts and whatever smaller mountain ranges there were beyond. Never mind the dearth of roads, of communications, of means of supply. This time they left from Coney Island, first riding belly-deep in the Atlantic surf and then turning and starting west. The indefatigable Sam Bass and Wylie Haynes had been shipped north again and here the boys were, setting out for their longest ride yet.

The rules were simple: get there in 60 days and eat and sleep completely out of doors. No staying in hotels, no having dinner with a ranch family. No support of any kind. Just the boys and their horses and whatever they could carry or buy along the way. Nor were their expenses paid, which is hard to believe today, when a huge caravan of trailers and side men surely would accompany such an expedition and when a man gets paid something close to the national debt for a parachute jump into a canyon. A good crowd was on hand to see them off, but there would be no crowds in the deserts and no newspaper photographers when they were crossing the Rockies. By then Temple was seven and Louie was 11. The trip could cover 3,619 miles.

They passed through big towns—Albany, Buffalo, Erie, Toledo and Chicago—and received the now accustomed publicity. In Toledo Temple remembers, owners of a department store put up a big table in front of their store so they wouldn't break the rule about eating outside and laid out a picnic. Dad used to say we had "small appetites." Well, we didn't let him down on that one.

Wylie Haynes, unused to the hard-surfaced Ohio roads, developed sore feet. They changed his shoes and soaked his hooves in neat-soiled oil, taking it slowly. "Lunch night," Temple says, "Wylie Haynes would just lie down on his side. We'd put feed and water up by his head and next morning he'd be ready to go."

Nothing seemed to bother the undestructible Sam Bass. An iron-gray gelding of 10½ hands, he had stoically traversed mountains and deserts, the clatter and smell of the automobiles they occasionally met didn't concern him. But he

was getting old. He was 16 and was on his second cross-country trip after a lifetime of hard range work and wolf chasing. "Until he died," Temple says, "the only trouble we ever had with Sam Bass was on that first trip to Santa Fe when he'd want to chase every wolf we saw. He could smell them, you know."

Camping outside of Chicago they ran into a storm and almost froze to death. They had to pack up in the middle of the night and ride through sleet and snow to find shelter. Louie later recalled that it was the coldest he'd ever been. Within a month they would be crossing deserts where the temperature sometimes would reach 120° during the day.

The boys passed through Iowa and Nebraska and then into Wyoming, making good time. Before they had left, their dad had plotted out checkpoints for them. By the time they quit Nebraska they were running two days ahead. But near Cheyenne, Sam Bass, the old campaigner who ought to have known better, got into a herd of new alfalfa and foundered. He died the next day.

Temple says, "We left pretty bad about that. I guess old Sam was about the best horse there ever was. But we had to keep going. Louie bought another horse, a black, but he wasn't a good trader. Old Sam and Wylie could go along just like they were in tandem. They had a nice way of going. But this black just couldn't cover any ground."

Crossing the desert flats of Utah, Temple got sick. He loved canned tomatoes and they had bought some at a little store. It is the afternoon, with the sun blazing down and the temperature 100, they had stopped to eat. "Late that can of tomatoes and I think there must have been something wrong with it," Temple says.

Of course, the tomatoes were hot. Everything was hot, but I remember the can looked kind of swelled out. Right after that I got so sick I thought I was going to die. There wasn't any place to rest. Wasn't even a telegraph pole for shade. Louie got off on his horse and we started riding. I think he got a little scared. Sometimes that night we got into a little town that had a store and they put me to bed in a back room. When I woke up they asked what I wanted and I said corn flakes and milk. Right after that I started feeling better. I think it was the milk absorbed the poison. But I was pretty weak for several days after that."

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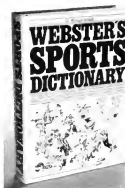
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ROVER BOYS

Temple doesn't remember how they navigated. "It wasn't anything exact. We always had a pretty good sense of direction and sometimes we'd find a railroad or a line of telegraph poles that we knew had to be going toward some little town where we could maybe get water and fresh supplies. We only got in a bind once and that was in Nevada. We'd been without water all one day. We weren't worried about ourselves but about the horses. All of a sudden we topped a rise and there was a house. Just a house, nothing else for miles around. It was deserted, but they had a well and a still had water. We were mighty glad to see that place."

But it was all for nothing. Sixty-two days after they'd started they rode their horses into the Pacific at San Francisco. No one was there to meet them except their father and a few of the curious. They were two days late. They got nothing, not even a consolation prize.

And that was the end of their traveling. Or nearly so. A few months later the Indian Motorcycle Company sent a machine to Oklahoma with an offer that they ride to New York City. Of course, they did. What else could they do? After you've crossed the country by horse and by car and a chance comes along to ride a motorcycle, why, you've got to take it. It was a tandem affair with two seats and two sets of handlebars. Louie drove all the way because the cumbersome cycle was too heavy for Temple to control.

After that, the boys went on the vaudeville circuit for six weeks, finally making some real money. And then it was off to school. "It was pretty hard to take for a while," Temple says, "but we did get used to it."

Jack Abernathy dabbled in motion pictures for a time and later went into the oil business as a wildcatter. He had given up his position of marshal once the careers of his sons showed promise. He died in 1941 at 65 in Long Beach, Calif.

Louie went to law school and ended up an attorney. He is now in a nursing home in Austin, Texas. Temple followed his father into the oil business, working as a lease scout and driller. At 72, he lives quietly in a small town in central Texas. Except maybe it isn't all over for him. He's got some shallow oil wells located and he would like to develop them to get extra money. He wants to buy an airplane and single-hand it across the United States.

END



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Edited by GAY FLOOD

AT THE PLATE

Sir:

My congratulations to Larry Keith for an excellent article on Dave Kingman and Mike Schmidt (*It's Either a Clout or an Out*, May 3). As a longtime Philadelphia fan, I am proud to see the Phillies finally a winner—and with power punch in Greg Luzinski, Dick Allen and Schmidt.

JEFF COHEN

Pennsauken, N.J.

Sir:

Larry Keith must be a Phillies fan. His article was grossly biased in favor of Mike Schmidt and grossly unfair to Met super slogger Dave Kingman. While suggesting that Kingman alter his "please-help-me-I'm-falling" batting style, Keith praises Schmidt, who "at least has a thorough knowledge of the strike zone." Not only does Keith chastise Kingman for being "acutely sensitive to criticism," but he also slips in that Schmidt is a "better all-around player" who presents "a more classic figure" at the plate. We wouldn't be at all surprised if Keith drinks Schmidt's of Philadelphia beer.

ANDY HOLOREN

Jim Tarr

New Haven, Conn.

Sir:

I'm not saying that Dave (Kong) Kingman is better than Mike Schmidt, but I am saying he has the right to equal billing on your cover.

JOHN LAURIA

Granada Hills, Calif.

RANGING FAR

Sir:

We readers remember what you write. Take, for example, the scouting reports on the new baseball season (April 12). "Pitching is the Texas Rangers' shortcoming" and Manager Frank Lucchesi is "foolishly" counting on Bill Singer and Nelson Briles, and Gaylord Perry is a "resting 3-4." Remember! The Rangers are now 9-4.

As for "punch but no defense" newcomer Juan Berquez, he has caught everything in sight.

My letter to you, like your scouting report, may become outdated, but right now Texas is out front, and old "Rusty" and the two "foolish bums" are leading the way.

PETER MORRIS

Arlington, Texas

• See page 18.—ED.

YANKEE STADIUM

Sir:

As a lifelong Yankee fan, I was incensed at Robert Lipsyte's choosing refurbished Yankee Stadium as a scapegoat for New York City's financial ills (*A Diamond in the Ashes*, April 26). The city's fiscal woes are the result of poor management and planning on the part of several administrations.

In an effort to stem the tide of defectors, New York took action to save the most famous sports edifice ever built and to preserve a home for the Yankees. A pennant and World Series would see the city coming out of its investment with some return.

JOSEPH GOSCILO

Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Sir:

Being a New Yorker, I most certainly agree with Robert Lipsyte that the money for Yankee Stadium's repair should have been used for projects that would benefit the public more greatly.

MICHAEL A. SCOTT

Ridgewood, N.Y.

Sir:

I think Robert Lipsyte is 100% correct. Financing the renovation helped put New York City in its current financial crisis. It is an example of what people with power can do without the consent of those who must pay for it.

DONALD MONETTI

Watchung, N.J.

Sir:

As a non-New Yorker, I couldn't care less what the Stadium cost was or what politicians voted yea or nay. I'm just ticked to know the Yankees are back in their home with all the mystique that has long surrounded them.

TIMOTHY L. BARNES

Tacoma, Wash.

Sir:

Any investment that keeps the Yankees in New York is a good investment in my book.

JEFFREY RATZ

Brooklyn

BEING THERE

Sir:

Upon returning from my fourth consecutive Kentucky Derby completely exhausted from fighting huge traffic jams and waiting in long, long lines, I was delighted to find in my mailbox the May 3 issue of *SI* with Er-

nest Havemann's article *A Day to Typhoon Through the Joleps*.

Anyone who has spent a day in the infield at Churchill Downs cannot help but become a part of the tradition and madness that the Derby has created. In what other sport will so many people wait so long to see an event, not see the event and then not really care that they didn't see it? Whether they win or lose, you will have no trouble convincing a lot of the people who attend the Derby that the best horsing around takes place not on the track but in the infield.

Who won, anyway?

MICHAEL H. GALL

Binghamton, N.Y.

Sir:

William Leggett's article *Nice to Be the Derby Favorite*, *But...* (May 3) reinforced my belief that *SI* is No. 1. He was right on target with his warning about past favorites who failed.

CHRIS TARRANT

Mt. Prospect, Ill.

JOCKS FOR JESUS (CONT.)

Sir:

Frank Deford has written a superb series of articles on religion in sport (April 19 *et seq.*). While remaining exceedingly objective, he conveyed a sensitive understanding of the current relationship between the two. He saw through the inconsistent theology and the superstitions that often characterize this relationship, yet I don't feel that he put down religion.

From another standpoint, it always does my heart good to hear a famous person (especially an athlete) testify to the importance of God in his life. I feel a great appreciation for athletes who publicly identify themselves as Christians.

THE REV. RICHARD J. MEIER

Pastor

Christ the Servant Lutheran Church

St. Paul

Sir:

Frank Deford goes a long way toward destroying the myth that winning at sport and being a Christian are somehow correlated. I have questioned for years the exploiting of athletes to sell Christianity.

To make something religious of a game like football by telling people that only Christians succeed at it is to make even more of a sham of a sport already beset by the overwhelming problems of commercialization and dehumanization. Football should stick

continued

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16TH HOLE *continued*

to football and religion should stick to religion. The practice of religion should be a very personal activity, unencumbered by the show biz hype of some of the Sportianity groups mentioned.

If a young Jesus were attending an American high school today he might not choose to play football at all. He might even elect to play the flute, paint, write poetry, fix automobiles or maybe even become a carpenter. But whatever, I'll bet He would do it with humility, simplicity and humanity. Christianity needs more Malcolm Boyds, and football needs no more Billy Zeolis.

DOUG NELSON

Cadillac, Mich.

Sir:

Our country is in the midst of one of the most severe moral and spiritual depressions since its founding. In this context it is unfortunate that SI should discredit one of the more potent efforts today to instill moral and spiritual fiber in our young athletes and their admirers.

JOHN H. JONES

Atherton, Calif.

Sir:

What we need in the world today is more virtue, and I consider it not only wise but imperative that we use sports in general and the fame of sports personalities in particular to achieve more conversions to morality.

JOHN KONACH

Youngstown, Ohio

Sir:

Frank Deford describes superbly the phenomenon of the medium perverting the message.

NOEL J. AUGUSTYN

Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

Frank Deford is a fine journalist, but when it comes to religion he is out of his league. Thousands of athletes are involved in the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, Baseball Chapel, Athletes In Action, etc. Why? Because in 95% of the cases they want to be there. Because Sportianity is a ministry. These groups want to minister and to be a help to the people who have the platform in the world. Not only because they in turn can minister to other people, but because as human beings they have a right to be ministered to. In most cases college and professional sports schedules prevent players from attending regular church services, or at least discourage regular attendance. The only reward for the leaders of these Sportianity groups is the knowledge that they are helping someone.

As for morality, Frank didn't do his homework on the ICA. The *Christian Athlete*, ICA's official publication, took three issues

continued

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10TH HOLE continued

(January-March '76) and devoted them completely to the ethics of competition. It has also spoken out on the place of sport in society (February '76) and on winning and losing (March '76), and in every issue the ethics of sport is a major theme. This is also true of the lesson plans the FCA sends out.

TOM RIST

Advisor

Michigan State University FCA
Lansing, Mich.

Sir

As an ordained Baptist minister and secondary student, I would like to say thank you for the articles on religion in sport. I wholeheartedly agree that we as Christians have been overcautious and indiscriminate in the use of "heroes" to propagate Christianity. Shallowness is detestable in any area of life, especially in religion. What you have done is point up a sore spot, a weakness that needs correcting. Maybe someday our social concern will match our zeal for converts.

THE REV. ROBERT U. FERGUSON, JR.
Lombard

ON THE TRACK

Sir

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has always been one of the few magazines to give credit to talented young athletes. This is shown by your FACTS IN THE CROWD department and has been proven by a number of feature articles. Yet when I read the article about the Drake Relays (4 *First Place* at Montreal, May '81) I was surprised at the omission of one special individual. Rudy Chapa is a high school senior who qualified for the Olympic Trials in the 10,000 with a time of 28:32.8 (he finished fifth). What is more, his time in that race on April 24 broke the prep record set on March 28 by Eric Hubert of Laguna Beach, Calif. by 22.2 seconds. More attention should have been paid to young Rudy than to what Francis Larroze had for breakfast.

RUSSEL RICHARDS

Hammond, Ind.

• SI first recognized Chapa as an outstanding high school cross-country runner (FACETS THE CROWD, Nov. 25, 1974) and then drew attention to him again as one of three remarkable sub-nine-minute two-milers—Carey Pinkowski and Tim Keough were the other two—competing for Hammond (Ind.) High School (*Three into Two Miles Who Go*, Ga. Ga., June 16). We agree that Chapa is one to keep an eye on. —ED.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATION, Two & Last Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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mission, and front disc brakes. For more zap you can specify the optional 2.8 liter V-6 or 302 CID V-8, and for less shift, an automatic transmission. Each comes with a styled wheel and a fat raised white-letter radial; forged aluminum wheels shown are optional. To add to the snake's appearance, we added an air dam up front and a spoiler in the rear.

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